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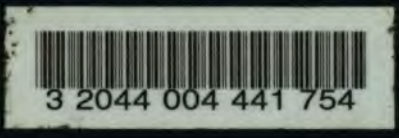

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BURRITT'S MISCELLANIES.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

I see it, you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless, iron intellects, those iron fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of Divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I am away and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery a-going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great

Iron Horse! Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle traveling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour toward their city-slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the chef-d'œuvre of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever, longer, stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing-press," said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a cueless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing press? what do you print?" I asked. "Print?" said the boy, staring at me, doubtfully, "why, we print thoughts." "Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in

mutual admiration ; he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead, from a pathetic motion of his left hand, to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked in honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what come out of the people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed? Why minds arn't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air ; you can't see them ; they don't make any noise, nor have any color ; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before.—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and, more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment ; sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth and in the waters under the earth ; how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied, "Thoughts work and walk in things what make tracks ; and we take them tracks, and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not.

That is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it too," giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist, "we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas." Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living forever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, "why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if 'twasn't for the printers—at any rate, in

this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive forever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind." "Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

THE POOR BOY'S INHERITANCE.

A WORLD of knowledge has been prepared for the inheritance of every young man of this age and country. It is a legacy that received its first contributions beyond the Deluge, and, at every stage of its transmission, it has absorbed the wealth of mighty intellects. And this inheritance awaits your acceptance; its appropriation is rendered easy by facilities never equaled in any other period of the world.

It is accessible without wading through a tedious medium of abstract learning: you have no new language to acquire in order to possess yourself of the treasure. Let us estimate partially this last advantage, for it is one that renders *learning* and *knowledge* synonymous; which would not be the case if you were obliged, for a long season, to *learn* before you could begin to *know*. Now it is very possible for a man to be a very indefatigable student all the days of his life, and not come to the knowledge of any new truth for years. For instance, suppose, at your age, I had read the Bible through in the English language very attentively, and that the next year I had read it through in Latin, and the third in another language, until, at the end of seventy years, I had read it in fifty different languages. It would have cost me a long life of hard study, certainly, and I might have been considered a man of *learning*, even if I had read no other book: but could I pretend that all this learning added anything essential to my stock of knowledge? If I spend my entire life in contemplating the same set of facts, through fifty differently tinted mediums, should I arrive at any new truths? No; the knowledge which I should thus gain would be confined to color, not substance.

The English language puts you in direct communication with all the facts of history, with every department of science, and all the principles of philosophy. It gives you an immediate access to all the literature and learning of the world; to the great minds that have enriched the annals of the race; to everything beautiful or sublime in thought, word, or deed. You need not wade through Latin or Greek to get at these treasures of knowledge, for they have all been *Anglicized* to your hand. Should you devote ten years of close study to either or both of those languages, you would find a field that had been reaped and gleaned,

and transferred to that of your own native tongue. You may sit down to Homer's Iliad, on a winter's evening, without ever having seen the Greek alphabet, and feast upon its lofty conceptions, and get as near to the author's mind as if he were an English poet. All that Virgil said or sung you can read and comprehend in the evenings of one week, without conjugating a Latin verb. Whereas, on the other hand, to acquire the same knowledge of those immortal authors in their own language, would cost you three years of laborious study.

The field then is ready, and you can enter it at once. The primer in which you learned the English alphabet will unlock its treasures and put you in possession of them. And, with a little economy, you will find time to enter that field; for it is open morning, noon, and night. Let it be the resort of your leisure moments, those odd fragments of time that intervene between labor and repose.

THE CURSE ON LAND AND LABOR.

THERE is a complaint involved in a vague impression that God has *cursed the earth*, your field of labor. Let us investigate this charge a moment. My dear sir, your Maker bids you put your finger upon that curse, and establish its *paternity*. For the long, gloomy annals of humanity furnish a word of irresistible evidence, that man possesses an infinite capacity to curse *himself* with every form of sin, misery, and degradation. On the strength of this evidence, I here arraign him before you and the world, for having cursed the *earth*, too, with all the burning leprosy that has blotched its face from creation down, and then charged that curse upon his Maker. And, I trust, a short

examination will make him plead guilty of this aggravated insolence. First, let us hear what he has to say for himself. The Creator asks you, what more he could have done for your physical comfort than he has done, is doing, and has promised to do, for that object. He invites you to analyze the solar system, and the human system, and discover any defect in his physical laws; any instance where a new principle might be introduced, which would enhance the perfection of either of those systems. Examine the machinery of the globe. See if, were it centered at any other point, more of its surface would enjoy a more vertical sun. See if you could suggest an amendment to the laws of its motions, which would give a better variety of seasons to the whole human family, and vivify the earth with more genial dispensations of light and shade, cold and heat. Call in the anatomist, to help you examine your own physical system. And if you can show, by demonstration, that a new sense, or a new disposition of your present organs of sense, would render your physical enjoyment more varied and exquisite, then the absence of that provision shall be admitted as evidence to establish the charge you have preferred against your Maker. But you shall not be confined to testimony so difficult of acquisition. If you can show that a single grain of wheat, sown by man, ever brought forth a thistle or thorn, then I will give up the argument. To be sure, the quantity of grain sufficient to satisfy the laborer for a single meal, contains alcohol enough to make him beastly drunk; but if ever a laborer was intoxicated by that grain, when made into bread, then I will own that God has directly and unconditionally cursed the earth.

But He said that it should bring forth thorns and thistles to men. Glorious truth! In that declaration were embraced the high reward of industry, and the Cain-mark curse of indolence. It announced a provision of infinite grace and

wisdom, to make the pleasures of sense and life the *reward* of activity and labor. Thorns and thistles have ever grown in rank profusion; but always upon the *grave of labor;* never, *never beneath her feet.* They have been, and ever will be, the *spontaneous harvest of indolence*, the evidence of inaction, and the absence of labor. Two centuries ago, they spread in bristling ranks and tangled thickets over the whole wilderness of America; and now this world of Eden fertility is a perennial trophy of *labor*, which has made, or will make, that wilderness blossom as the rose.

'Tis true, thorns and thistles have not been confined to the uncivilized solitudes of barbarism; they have grown rankest over all the blood-seethed fields of battle. They are the only crop which any soil enriched by human blood will yield. They spring up where the soldier treads, and thrive beneath the sword and bayonet; but they wither at the laborer's breath, and die beneath the mattock and the spade. On every scene of desolation by human violence, they have raised their rough crests, to testify that man has cursed the *ground* as well as himself. Select the choicest gardens of Europe, that have been reduced to haggard sterility, and hold an inquest over the incumbent curse. See if it is because the heavens over that once-favored region have become brass, and withheld the light, heat, rain, and dew, that thorns and briers have supplanted the rose. See if you can trace back this curse, or any other that rests upon humanity, to any other source than the heart of man. "Whence come wars and fightings?" was a question asked and answered eighteen hundred years ago. If that inspired answer is not satisfactory,—whence come they? let us ask again. Are they the constitutional instincts of human nature, and rendered inevitable by the physical laws of humanity? Were the hostile hosts that met at Marathon and Waterloo drawn into deadly collision by gravitation? Were

the 14,000,000,000 of human beings that have perished in war jostled into that bloody fate by the revolutions of the globe? No! the earth, that drank their blood, appeals to God that man has cursed everything he touched; cursed the land and sea; cursed the iron, gold, and silver; cursed his own labor, and all the productions of the soil; cursed his own heart, his affections and appetites. He was made upright, but he has sought out many inventions, indeed. Sin, misery, slavery, war, want, and indolence are all *his inventions;* and they have cost him labor, too. Watch him while *inventing* a new curse. See how much ingenuity he displays in converting some nutritious production into a liquid poison for himself and his neighbor! For years he has been scheming to gratify the new passions that he has kindled in his bosom. His plans have come to an issue; and now his bark is crossing to the African shore, laden with articles that will pander to the appetites of the slave-trappers of that unhappy continent. He plies the sable aborigines with intoxicating liquors, till their dark natures burn with passions foreign to the brutes. He exchanges the deadly drug and varied instruments of death, for the bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. He fills his empty manacles with human limbs and souls. See him lead out that broken-hearted band to the cane-field of St. Domingo. What a wild, vacant look of despair is fixed in their tearless eyes, as they bow to their bondage! Watch their strokes while the iron is corroding in their hearts. No hope of reward strings a nerve; the blistering drops that fall from their sable cheeks are like drops of *blood;* they earn no bread; they purchase no prospect of redemption. See how that proud man has cursed *labor*.

He now tasks his ingenuity to curse the products of that labor and soil. It costs him but little labor and skill to extract what is nutritious in his harvest of cane; but he can-

not stop here; he must convert it into poison. Machinery, of an infernal model, is applied to the process. See the complex apparatus invented to change the nature of that innocent cane-juice! What foaming, seething, hissing and throbbing, through the snaky convolutions of the still-worm, before that nutritious liquid is converted into poison! What a distance between rum and sugar has to be overcome by this ingenuity! But he has done the work; he has effected his double curse, and his last act is to disseminate it among his fellow-beings at a distance.

THE MIND.

THERE is nothing in the might and matter exhibited in the material universe; there is nothing in the magnitude and mysteries of creation; there is nothing in the distance and dimensions—in the amplitude and infinity of Jehovah's works, so worthy of study and admiration as the intellectual *soul*. This, among and above all the traces of Omnipotence, is the most legible foot-print of the Godhead. The reasoning, immortal mind, whether in the incipient stages of its existence, it be confined within these perishable tenements of flesh and blood, or whether, exalted to the most intimate proximity to its great, incomprehensible Source, it be the all-acting principle in the very next being less than Infinite Perfection; whether it shine in sun-like luster hard by the throne of the Eternal, or be appointed to scintillate in solitude far out upon the extremest promontory of his universe; yet, wherever and with whatever it may be found, it is the living evidence of Omniscience, the crowning characteristic of Divinity.

Our earth might have been filled to overflowing with all

the other monuments of Omnipotence; it might have been furnished with all those scenes in nature which are fair and fascinating to the eye; every field and forest, every mountain and valley, every hill and dale might have gushed forth with the sweetest sounds that ever fell upon mortal ears; every hill might have been clad with everlasting verdure, and worn the diadem of an enduring rainbow; every tree, even those that now bear sparsely among their blunted boughs the bitter acorn, might have been overhung with flowers more lovely than the blooming rose, and have bent beneath a load of more enticing fruit than ever grew in Eden; every rivulet and river might have gushed forth from living fountains of ambrosial nectar; the heavens above us might have been inconceivably more glorious than those which we now behold and admire; our skies, like those of that far, belted planet, might have been girdled with golden, translucent zones, which forever rolling between us and "the burning eye of day," should intercept his fiery rays, and transmit them to our eyes, tinted with every rainbow hue; that distant planet might have lent us the peerless beauty, the simultaneous splendor of all her waning and crescent moons—might have put around this earth, her little twin-born sister, both her encircling zones of mellowed light:—every realm and region of the universe might have been laid under contribution to have fitted up our heavens with a panorama of such magnificence and glory, as would captivate an angel's eye;—all these things might have been on and above the earth, and others more numerous than man could desire or describe; and myriads of beings, too, might have tenanted this terrestrial elysium—beings susceptible of all the varied pleasures of sense; yet, had the reasoning, rational, reflecting *mind* been left out of the list, the most sapient of

these created beings could not have looked upon the scene, and felt, seen, and known that a *God* had been there.

The *mind*, among all the works of creative power and wisdom, is the only one that bears the *private mark* of the invisible God. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of Omniscience, whose heaven-piercing frontlet bears the "*image* and superscription" of the Almighty, written in the monoglot of the universe, and legible to every being intervening between Infinite, Underived Wisdom, and the incipient limit of the brute creation. It may out-reach the capacities of the eldest primeval seraph beside the Eternal's throne, to get hold of a perception of the elements of the *material* universe; even Gabriel, with all his experience in the great cycles of eternity, may not be able, without a special revelation from higher wisdom, to tell some young inquiring cherubim, what things are *hights* and *depths*—what *distance* and *dimensions*—what are *mountains* and *valleys*—what *rocks* and *rivers*, *sands* and *seas*—what are any of the properties and peculiarities of *matter*;—what is meant by things *adjacent* or *remote*—by things *past*, *present*, or *to come*:—all these circumstances of a *corporeal* existence—all these things, or *ideas* of things, which exist in, or are derived exclusively from the operation of our senses, may never enter the conceptions of those purely spiritual beings, whose means of intelligence are not limited to the action or influence of such frail and fallible agents of perception, as the physical organs and faculties of the human race. But however obtuse or imperceptible these objects of sense may be to those incorporeal beings, still they cannot but recognize, in the simplest operation of the weakest human mind, that spiritual essence, that one lineament of divinity, which likens the lowliest being between the angel and the brute to a common Creator. Yes; it is the choicest prerogative of this state of existence, that we have something within

us—and may feel it, too—which may entitle us to the communion of our God, in the very presence-chamber of his glory. O, it is enough to redeem all "the ills that flesh is heir to," that we have that within us, which may not shame the angels to take us to their fellowship; that, with the rational soul, we have received from the Creator those credentials to immortality, which neither hight nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor to come, can rob us of.

Why, then, should man, "who may look erect on heaven," and read his pedigree in the skies, and feel a principle of divinity stirring within him—why should he so overlook the dignity of his being—why come so immeasurably short of the goal of his destiny, as to sit idling in the dust, and famish upon the husks of time and sense! O, what a motive to action, to great desire, and grand emprise, is the consciousness which we may all enjoy, that we have an active principle within us, that shall *winter* the torpedo chill of death, which soon shall freeze up the fountains of our blood! It is enough to take away the calamity of mortal dissolution, that all that part of our being which distinguishes us from the brutes that go down beneath the reach of resurrection, will never be lost or merged in the listless inactivity of non-existence! No, let the grave yawn upon us as it may; let the palsying rattle of the valley-clods startle our poor weak natures as it may—still, we may rest assured, that all that we may be proud of in our being, will never lose the sentiment of its existence; and, if we act well our parts in our present capacities and circumstances, we shall be transferred, not to a state of long, unconscious lethargy—of vague, indefinite suspense with respect to our future awards and occupations in eternity—but to an immediate and active participation in all the exalted and endless employments of which intellec-

tual beings are susceptible. No, I cannot think so meanly of the future attainments of the human mind, as to suppose that, at some period in eternity, not far removed from the time of its dissolution from the terraneous composition of flesh and blood—it may not be elected by its Author to some office in the universe, now occupied by some one of the minor angels; and thence reaching higher and higher in its upward and endless gradations, at last put the diadem of Gabriel on its brow, and wear his insignia before the eternal Throne.

AMERICA.

THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND HOME OF THE FREE.

THE bruised and burdened of every clime have heard of America as the land of the Free. The wan and wretched victim of capricious tyranny, ironed to the floor of Eastern dungeons, has heard of America, and lifted his shackled hands to God in prayer for one draught of that country's air, which whoever breathes is free. The grayheaded exile, banished from his native land, his Polish home, to the far, frozen solitudes of Siberian wastes, has heard of America, and while, by the sickly light of the pale moon, he waded back to his dreary shelter beneath the shapeless drifts—he has sighed for the pinions of the swift-winged dove to bear him to our shore, beyond the reach of the tyrant's arm. The oppressed of every name and nation have heard of America, as a kind of heaven, lying beyond the jurisdiction of despotism, where the wicked cease from troubling, where every yoke is broken and the captive is free.

But these have only heard the melody of its jubilees. They never listened to the half-smothered wailings of despair, which God hears both night and day ascending to his throne, from human beings, bought, beat, and bound, in the very Capital of this boasting nation. They never saw the shambles under the shade of our great Temple of Liberty, where human souls and immortal destinies are bartered for the meanest merchandise of the earth. They never heard the suppressed moaning of the little child, bought in its mother's arms, and torn forever from her embrace. They never witnessed the father's agony, as he held out his manacled hands to say a broken farewell to his children, as they were led away to some distant, unknown scene of bondage. They never fathomed the despair of the mother's heart, when her late-weaned infant was *knocked off* by the sheriff's hammer to some stranger, who tore it from her arms. They never witnessed the unavailing anguish of that moment, when the strong ties interwoven with the fibers of every human heart were torn asunder by the sons of those who fought and fell for freedom. They never saw how human nature, like a defenseless, unmurmuring lamb, bled on the very steps of the capitol, while the appointed champions of liberty were speaking long and loud within, of the sacredness of human rights. They never witnessed the unavailing night scenes of this modern Aceldama, where, for years of disgraceful history, *Man*, blood-redeemed man, has been nailed to the accursed tree of slavery under the very droppings of our great sanctuary of liberty; under the statue of that goddess, which, like a shameless harlot disguised in the immaculate vestments of virtue, dares stand upon the pinnacle of that Temple which our fathers built, and lift her brazen, unblushing face to heaven, and say to men and gods. ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL!

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

Not many years since, a young married couple, from the far, "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gives its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around its victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the Bacchanalian crowd who were reveling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "*Give me back my husband!*"

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed toward the prostrate wretch. "*That my husband!* What have you done to him? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? *That my husband!* With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? *That my husband!* What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? *That my husband!* What have you done to that eye, with which

he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!"

The ears of the rum-seller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening, "*Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!*"

But has the rum-seller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice, with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in his work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence.* I mean a *license!* a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. He confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defense and support. Thus shielded by the Ægis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar on his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed, and unto Cæsar, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

DISMANTLED ARSENALS.

We love to contemplate the ruins of those black-looking war-factories, that were wont to pour forth a stream that gladdened the fellest spirit that ever breathed on this green world. There they stand in haggard desolation, like things built before the sun was made, and unable to bear its light; or like a bloated, ragged drunkard before a mirror with a thousand angel faces in it. Still and cold is now that terrible, mysterious enginery, that turned the best things nature ever made for man into lava-streams of hot poison, that burnt his heart up with fierce inhuman passions. And those coiled, copper-colored worms are dead—the greedy metallic snakes that devoured whole fields of yellow grain a day, the bread for which a thousand widows prayed, and plied their lean fingers at the midnight hour. They are dead! and when they died, their fiery, malignant ghosts, I trow, were expelled the fellowship of better spirits in the bottomless pit, that could not brook their alcoholic breath. They are dead, the skulking reptiles! that, half-buried in the earth, poured invisible their rivulets of blighting ruin into the fountains of human happiness and life; that stung to death, in the sunniest walks of youth, hopes that took hold of heaven, of earth, of the love and joy of a thousand hearts. They are dead! and the stream is dry that fed the veins of War with hot vitality. And next, that monstrous Gorgon will die. Depend upon it; War never had in its devil's heart any other blood than *rum*. Nay, its heart itself is but a vast distillery, keeping its huge veins and arteries full of that fiery fluid. The vat of fermenting grain and cane-juice is the stomach of War, and the still-worm its viscera. These are the nutritive and digestive organs of the great red dragon: and for this,—like other dragons killed in olden times—it must be mortal; for rum

is mortal, and all its fiery fountains will dry up, while the earth is full of springs of water, pure and sweet as that which the sinless Adam drank out of the hand of God.

Will War die? War that claimed the immortality of Death and Sin? Yes; and Death, and Sin, and Satan, will live to weep over the grave of their renowned confederate. And such a funeral! methinks I see it now. The earth, sea, and sky are vibrating with joyous emotion, and there is gladness in the heart of every living thing. The dust of fourteen thousand millions of human beings butchered in the battle-field, stirs into life and form: and up-springing from their coral graves and caverns fathomless in the sea, myriads of human skeletons leap upon the land, and clap their bony hands in triumph, and around the globe runs the exulting gibber of "the sheeted dead," that the great DESTROYER has fallen. And yonder, methinks, there rolls a sea, full fifty fathoms deep—a dark, dead, salt sea of tears, fed by the outlets of a hundred thousand millions of human eyes that wept at War's doings. And now a wailing wind, a monsoon of widows' and orphans' sighs, moves over the briny deep, and lifts its bitter waves in sympathy with the world's jubilee. And Labor, wan, dejected Labor, at whose veins the monster fed, runs up and down the green hills, exulting to see the curse removed. And red-handed Slavery, the eldest born of the leprous beast, lets go from her palsied hands the bonded millions she held with iron grasp, to throw their fetters into the grave of War, and shout for joy with all the sons of God that man is free. And all beings that live and love the face of man, the face of nature —that love to look up into the pure, peaceful sky, and on the peaceful sea, and fields and flocks,—that love to commune with the silent harmonies of the great creation, and listen to the music of unreasoning things,—all these fill the heavens with one *jubilate!* that the great CANNIBAL is dead

—the great MAN-EATER, that, whetting its appetite on the flesh of Abel, ate up a large portion of the human race, and enslaved the rest to cater to the appetites of its wolfish maw.

A SHORT LAY SERMON FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS.

"IF GOD SO CLOTHE THE GRASS OF THE FIELD."
MATT. vi. 30.

THE social principle is the soul of the material universe. In the moral and intellectual world it is a species of spiritual gravitation, which does there what its physical colleague does throughout the universe of matter. While corporeal gravitation reaches across the amplitudes of space, and associates systems of suns and worlds, and moors them all around a common center, the social principle reaches through the universe of mind, and associates all the orders of intelligent, sentient beings, and diffuses everywhere a spiritual attraction of heart to heart, mind to mind, angel to angel, man to man, man to God, and God to man.

Even matter itself is pervaded with a ramification of this principle; which sustains the same relation to gravitation as the nervous system does to the veins and arteries of the human body. You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower, is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer

breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the earths took them to their bosom, and introduced them to the daisy germ: and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed "the wee, canny thing" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky, they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and then by starlight and by moonlight they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning, while the sun was looking upon the dews, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky. And all of them that had silver-lined wings came; and birds in black, and gray, and quaker brown came; and the querulous blue-bird, and the courtesying yellow-bird came, and each sung a native air at the coronation of that daisy.

Everything that sung or shone upon that wee, modest flower was a member of that social circle, and conspired to its harmony and added to its music. Heaven, earth, sky and sea were its companions; the sun and stars walked hand in hand with it, as kindly as if they never saw another daisy, or had another companion. The sober ocean, even the distant Pacific, laded the fleet-winged clouds with sweet-savored dews, to brighten its countenance when the sun appeared.

Such was the social circle which you broke up, when you put forth your hand to crush the little canny thing "*amang the stoure.*" Such were the companions you severed, and the harmony you interrupted. This little social system was one of the least of those concentric circles which go on, increasing in diameter, until the last sweeps around the whole universe, and completes the infinite series of harmo-

nies which was celebrated by the morning stars on the birth-day of creation.

Now, all the members of this social circle were necessary to the well-being of that daisy. It needed such companions. It needed the sunbeam, the dew-drop, and rain-drop, and the soft summer breeze to develop its character and unfold its beauties. It needed the morning song of the birds, and the chirping lay of the meadow stream, to keep time by, as it waved its silver diadem to the tittering swallow's wing.

If, then, my young friends, our heavenly Father has provided such companions and social influences for the lily or the daisy, what provisions has he not made for the society of his children! In the first place, his relation to them as Creator makes them all brethren and sisters—all the children of one Father. Then all the revelations of his word and providence are designed to associate us together in one great family; offering to us all the same motives to obedience, the same earth, the same heaven and home. All the teachings of our Savior, all the promises of the Gospel, and the substance of faith, are designed to fit us for *society*, the society of earth and the society of heaven; for the society of our fellow-beings, and the society of angels, our Redeemer, and our God. Whatever may be your destiny in this world, or that to come, you never will be left *alone;* you will be still the member of a *society;* you will be associated, through all the years of time and eternity, with beings whose happiness or misery you will have the capacity and disposition to increase. You are now acquiring an education; and that term may express to you merely a list of graceful accomplishments, fitting you for the transient brilliance of the drawing-room, or the easy gentility of the parlor. But let me, with a gentle hand, draw aside the intervening drapery of the eternal world, that you may know

what an *education* means. Are you taking lessons upon the piano; there are harps in heaven, and God has sent his teachers down to show you how to touch their golden strings. That is an *education*. Are you preparing to make a graceful debut in the upper circles of society; yonder are upper circles of spirits blest and pure, and angels of highest rank; and none but the *graceful*—full of the grace of Him who walked gracefully those golden streets amid "the choiring cherubim," and the rough road to Calvary's top, amid the imprecations of blood-bought man,—none but those can be admitted to their society. To make a graceful debut there, will require an *education* which the fastidious fashions of this world never dreamed of; an education, too, whose lessons must be learned in this infant school of time. Your heavenly Father has filled the world around you with invisible teachers; *the Spirit and the bride say come;* come "learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart," and He will teach you the court language of that heavenly communion, the songs that He taught the seraphim when Eternity was young—the songs that tremble on every golden harp, and float in the melody of angel lips over the waters of the crystal sea. The Gospel whispers, *come!* and opens its hallowed lips and all its sublime teachings; and nature spreads out the breathing leaves of her vast volume, and with all the minstrelsy of her ten thousand tongues, comes in, undertutor of Revelation,—to *educate* you for those successive circles of society which shall carry you upward, from communion to communion, into the fellowship of angels around the throne.

Never say or think, then, that you have *finished your education*, until it has fitted you for these great ends of your being. Remember, that you are now not only forming a character, but choosing companions for eternity. Who and what those companions shall be, may be deter-

mined by the character of those whom you are choosing as associates now. Your heavenly Father has assigned you a little social circle on probation; if you learn to walk therein with the grace that was in Jesus Christ, small as it may be, you shall be promoted to another circle and another communion, until, in your upward gradations, you shall enter into the most intimate fellowship of the blest above.

What importance, then, must inevitably attach to your deportment in the little circle in which you move! It is the active scene and present compass of your probation; where all your acts of faith, religion, duty and love must be performed. The Christian spirit cannot breathe in the contracted isolation of the heart; it must perfume the surrounding air, the air which others breathe. You must be the center of a little solar system, in which your companions, like the sun-illumined planets, shall move in the reflection of your light. The education which shall fit you for the duties and pleasures of this sphere, must reach the dispositions of the heart as well as the faculties of the mind.

WINE-DRINKING ADVOCATES OF TEMPERANCE.

We need no new evidence to prove that our moderate wine-drinking citizens are the most formidable enemies that retain the field against the progress of temperance. We know that they are strong, very strong: that they occupy the highest walks of life, and fill almost every station of honor, trust and emolument. We know they number in their ranks the learned, the wise, and powerful. We cannot em-

ploy toward them any other language than that of respectful entreaty and expostulation; nor would we do it if we could. No; we would say to our fashionable wine-drinking citizens, "Come, let us reason together." To you, gentlemen, we must address our appeal; for we recognize no other opponents in the field. The unreformed inebriate, the rum-manufacturer, the rum-seller and importer, are mere supernumeraries in your camp; they wear no arms; they are under your protection, and subsist on your example and support. Gentlemen, we are your fellow-citizens. In many of the duties and avocations of life we walk side by side; in many of the interests of our community and country we take sweet counsel together. We can testify to the integrity of your honor, to the respectability of your standing, the cordiality of your friendship, and the munificence of your philanthropy. And we appeal to these bright qualities of the heart when we say, that there are thousands of unfortunate beings who are trying in vain to reform on your principle. At the corners of the streets you may meet scores of poor inebriates who have tried to become temperate men by following your example; but it has plunged them deeper in the mire. These side-walks are daily thronged with those who are trying to arise from habitual intoxication to the *moderate* use of the intoxicating cup. Alas! is it your example that is hanging out this tantalizing phantom? Will you cheat their souls with the insidious delusion, that they may again be *moderate* drinkers? Will you bind, with wanton hands, another stone to the willing neck of a Sisyphus, to drag him back into the fiery abyss, at each successive attempt to rise from its torments? Will you torture a Tantalus with visions of the cooling waters of life, with which he may never slake his burning lips? Shall that father who has almost strength enough to face the tempter; shall that husband who has just recommenced an existence of life and love; shall that son

and brother who has just been rescued from the lee-shore of intemperance—shall these be dashed back into their original ruin, by a glance at the wine that sparkles on your tables? When the shipwrecked mariner has clung to his frail plank through all the wilderness of the wintry waves, and when he is in sight of the haven of rest, will you hang out false beacon-lights, to lure him on to breakers, whence his mangled corse shall be dashed on the shore? When, with a desperate effort, he has caught hold of the ark of safety, will you strike off his hand, and leave him to sink in the waves?

THE CONSERVATISM OF PROGRESS.

THE progress of truth depends upon no French Revolution in the empire of thought. Through the whole universe of matter and of mind, a conservative principle prescribes the terms of progression. The past is perpetuated in the present, and the present projects into the future, making one continuous continent of time, in which no yawning chasm, no breaking gulf intervenes to separate one age from another, and break the continuity of human experience. Thus there never was, there never will be, a time when an entire generation have been or shall be all children or all old men; or when an entire generation shall die, and another be born consentaneously. There never was a period in the history of mankind, when the cool, conservative deliberation of age did not blend with the sturdy vigor of manhood, and the impetuous vivacity of youth. Infancy, youth, manhood and old age have ever transmitted the race entire through the successive periods of its progression.

In the earlier ages, human life was prolonged apparently

for the express design to compensate the first generations of men for their want of the experience of an antiquity. Had not the antediluvian patriarchs been allowed centuries of personal experience and observation, the disparity between their situation and ours would have been more immense in our favor. It required nearly a thousand years of continuous observation, to place Methusaleh in a relative approximation to the child of ten years, now studying Peter Parley's Geography and Astronomy in one of our district schools. That child, in comprehending a few condensed ideas of philosophy, has appropriated to himself five thousand years of living, breathing and speaking antiquity.

If then, the mere perpetuation of the species is based upon this conservative principle, which makes one generation run over into another, upon what other basis may we predict any progression in truth or science? But it would be a dangerous error to conceive that this conservative principle confined us to a rigid adhesion to the opinions of the past. This position would render abortive the whole series of progression. It would break up the conservative principle, and identify the present and future with the past, and make all time, both prospective and retrospective, one unbroken continuity of antiquity. Then is it any irreverence to past opinions, on any subject, if we adopt them in a modified form; if we divest them of a few excrescences of error; if, in a word, we rectify them to the present latitude and altitude of the human mind?

Let me assume that I am traveling over an extensive plain, ten miles in width. As my eyes roam along the horizon, I detect something resembling, it may be, a string let down from the sky. From an instantaneous deduction of experience, I infer that it is the spire of some distant church, although I can see no building, belfry, clock, ball, or vane. Leaning against a mile-stone, I pencil down a

description of the distant spire, as it appears to me at that point of observation. I may say that its apparent diameter at the base is six inches, and that at the hight of twelve feet it seems to terminate in a point. I may say that it is jet black, and specify other particulars of its appearance. I go on to the next mile-stone, and there another object meets my eyes in the horizon. I am certain that I see a spire in the same direction as the first. But this one is essentially different. It runs up further into the sky; it is larger at the base. I detect a lack of uniformity in its dimensions, occasioned by the belfry. I carefully write down, on another piece of paper, all the phases of this apparently new object. I then resume my walk, with my eyes fixed on the ground, till I reach the next mile-stone; when, upon looking ahead, I see another spire, taller and better defined than the other. It presents new features, new dimensions, all of which I carefully enter upon another piece of paper. Thus I go on, from one mile-stone to another, noting down at each, new observations of an object which I believed at first was a steeple. Approaching this ever-changing object, at one point I recognize the belfry, at another the vane. I at last stand under the droppings of the sanctuary. I pass around it. The design, character and connection of the steeple are all developed to my view. I find that my former observations embraced only the primary phases or elements of a fact now fully developed. I find the steeple to be a mere constituent element instead of the integer of a fact, and that it was made for the sanctuary, of which it constitutes a subordinate part. I have now to begin with a description of the main edifice itself. I write down its dimensions, its order of architecture, its Doric or Corinthian columns, its doors, aisles, pews, pulpit, arches and orchestra. I finish with a description of the steeple, which is perfectly white. I say that it is a

hundred feet in hight; that what I at first conceived its base is its center; that it is studded all the way up to the belfry with balustrades and turrets; that thence it runs in a single octagonal shaft to the ball; thence tapers into an iron spire, supporting a gilded vane, and terminating in a brazen star.

I now put my ten different descriptions of the same object into the hands of one living five miles distant from the meeting-house, and who has never approached it any nearer than his residence. He reads these detached and entirely different descriptions. What evidence has he that I am not describing ten entirely different objects? What specific features of resemblance can he find between these observations, to attach them to a single fact? He detects the conservative principle in the solitary fact, that I saw the objects in precisely the same direction or line of progression. He knows, by his own experience, that the difference in my successive observations of that steepled church is common and true to the aspect of every distant object that we approach. Will he charge me with "breaking away from received opinions," with violating the conservative principle of progression, because my descriptions do not correspond with each other? Will he tell me he cannot reconcile my last statements with my first, and that I have been guilty of radical innovation; of stretching the truth at one point of observation, and suppressing it at another? Will he accuse me of being short-sighted, narrow-minded, bigoted, and careless, because, when I was at the first mile-stone, I did not see and describe minutely that church and steeple; that I did not give all its dimensions, and portray all its features? Will he charge me with a reckless disregard of my first description, because, while standing within that sanctuary, I sketch its Gothic windows and arches, its stained glass, sculpture and carved cornices?

I am sure he would not. I should have his, and the testimony of every other reasonable man, that I did not "break away from received opinions;" but that a palpable continuity of truth runs through and connects my different observations and statements of a single fact.

We have introduced this illustration here, and at the present time, in order to anticipate some imputation to which we may be subjected hereafter, in giving our views on subjects of deep and solemn interest to humanity. We may venture to give occasionally other *phases* of great facts, as yet undeveloped in our destiny, as beings who have entered upon an endless series of progression, of which this physical existence may be but one of the terms in its ascending gradations. The Temple of TRUTH lifts its lofty dome high above the highest pinnacle of the universe. Its Almighty Founder has built his throne thereon, and beckons men and angels up to its temple gates. Every being lessening down from Infinite Perfection, who loves the truth, is on the road, reaching steadily forward toward the goal. Gabriel himself—perhaps with a minor seraph by the hand—is leading the course. Like the feeble, unweaned spirits on the earth, he, too, at every degree in his upward gradations, sees new developments, new phases of beauty, glory and grandeur in the eternal Temple of Truth, the Pavilion of the Almighty. And were he to write for our instruction his impressions of that august structure, at the successive points of his approximation, he, too, might incur the charge of "breaking away from received opinions;" for his note-book might contain all that variety of observation which characterized my different descriptions of that steepled church, which I saw across the plain.

The untraveled residue of the plain of time, and the whole expanse of eternity lies between us and that great Temple of Truth, which we may ever approach, but never

reach. In this sublime race-course, our predecessors are *before* us, not *behind* us. Let us decipher and follow their footsteps; for they are the footsteps of angels, of the spirits of the just made perfect, and disembodied in order to facilitate their progress and that of others toiling and traveling on in "this muddy vesture of decay." The heavenly admonition is that we keep our eye steadily on the goal, though that goal develop a new aspect at every step.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

During my voyage, I could not but deem it the most felicitous coincidence of my life, that I was permitted to cross the ocean in the same ship that had brought to America, and was then carrying back to Old England, such tidings of peace and good-will to both. But on my arrival in Manchester, I found that there was in reserve for me a pleasure well worth a voyage around the world to experience. I had scarcely exchanged greetings with my friends here, when I was informed that the last Meeting of the League was about to be convened in the Town Hall; and I was invited to witness a scene, the like of which has never been recorded in the annals of human history. I went with emotions of interest I cannot describe. The room was but partially filled when we entered. As I looked at the groups of individuals engaged in earnest conversation, I perceived in every face, and in every tone, the sentiment of some unusual occasion. The gratulations and greetings were earnest and warm, but softened, I fancied, by emotions felt and understood by all. There was an April morning in the July sunshine of that hour of joy. Every heart

seemed busy with affecting associations and memories of the past. The long struggle was over. The mightiest enemy of the British people had been overcome. There was nothing left for the League to conquer in its organized capacity. Having prostrated a policy that fettered the commerce of the world, and muzzled the mouth of labor in every field of toil, it was to die, in the midst of its strength, in the very hour of triumph. Like Alexander, it had conquered a world; but, unlike him, it saw other worlds to conquer, and possessed the strength to conquer them. But it had reached the boundary line which it had drawn to its victories, and there it was now to disband. A few moments more, and the curtain was to open and close upon one of the most remarkable scenes that ever transpired in the civilized world. No one could have remained unmoved by the pensive sympathies that pervaded the assembly. At the reporters' table, reaching nearly across the hall, in front of the forum, were seated a score of men from different parts of the kingdom, preparing their pens and paper to give a vocal ubiquity to the lightest word that should be uttered, in that consummation-hour, by the leaders of the League. There were *The Times'* reporters from London, with the harnessed lightning waiting to bear to the metropolis the quick cross-marks of their phonographic pens. The atmosphere, even, seemed waiting for the message of that hour. The seats on the speakers' platform were now fast filling up with men distinguished in the councils of the association. Few places remained to be occupied; and these were evidently reserved for those whose names were to be held in grateful remembrance among all nations.

A general outburst of cheers now greeted the entrance of some one. Men on the platform arose from their seats to make way for him, and the next moment the President

of the League took the chair, in the midst of enthusiastic and long-continued cheering. Scarcely had this demonstration of feeling subsided, when the hall shook again with acclamations of welcome, which grew louder and louder into a tempest of enthusiasm, as one of the meekest-looking of men, with a face transparent with the reflection of serious thoughtfulness, made his way modestly and even timidly to a seat on the right of the chairman. He raised his clear, earnest, thoughtful eyes, and looked around the assembly: and the cheers rose again, and I saw old merchants bow their heads to keep their tears out of sight. The pathos of the moment was indescribably affecting, and eloquent with emotions of years of ordinary life. Richard Cobden stood before us, and this was the hour of his triumph!

Again the house resounded with rounds of acclamation, which greeted to the platform the eloquent associate of Cobden; and John Bright, full of the robust ardor of young manhood, in his carriage, in his voice, and in his eye, sat down on the left of the chair.

The men and the moment had come; and the curtain was lifted upon the last act of the scene. The President of the League arose. He had risen a thousand times before in its councils, in times of doubt, trial and toil, to speak of the brave realities of the hopeful future. That future had come, with its bosom full of the substance of things hoped for, and labored for, through years of enduring faith; and he stood up before the League with the past and present alone in his hand and heart. He had risen to perform the last act of his office; to commit the "great fact" of the League, with all the ages and attributes of its existence, to the pages of history, to live among the immortal relics of the past. He opened, with deep emotion, at the first chapter of that existence. It read like the first chapter of every great moral reformation that has changed the con-

dition of the world. It began substantially with "*they met together in a little upper room.*" Every enterprise that has blessed humanity has originated in some "little upper room;" where men who dared to make themselves of no reputation for the good of their race, have met to pray or to plan. It is always in this *little upper room* department of a reform, that the faith of the few becomes a *great fact*, and the little one a thousand. And it was from this little upper room that the President of the League conducted us through all the epochs of its eventful history. A few Sibylline leaves, impressed with the faith of the few, and the reasons of their hope, were scattered along the footpaths of the people, and the people read them gladly. "Little upper rooms" became too small for the multitudes that assembled to hear more of this matter. The League gradually expanded to the compass of the kingdom, and large halls were erected, and associations formed, for the discussion and dissemination of its principles. Every house was visited, and all the highways of society were strewn with tracts and other speaking missiles to the popular mind. The orators of the League went from people to Parliament, and from Parliament to people, and the forums of both trembled with their eloquence. The press voiced their burning words of truth to millions of earnest readers, till the arguments of Cobden and Bright came home, trumpet-tongued, to their convictions. In the thickest of the great moral contest, Providence had coöperated with the contenders for the right, and made Hunger its prime minister of mercy to the people; and a cry went up for bread, that broke through the stone walls of man's obdurate heart, and decided the victory. MONOPOLY, the world's Giant of Despair and Doubting Castle, had been laid low in the dust, and its famished prisoners set free on the high road

to peace and plenty. The President turned to the Great-heart of the League, and sat down.

Cobden arose; not to speak for the space of several minutes, but to stand up in affecting silence before the assembly, who would have drowned the voice of a trumpet with the swelling peals of applause with which they greeted the soft-voiced revolutionist of a new age. Several times he attempted to speak, but before he could frame the utterance of a word, the multitude would burst forth anew in another round of cheers. It was touching to see him turn first this way and then that toward the people, and move his lips in the vain attempt to put out a word upon the torrent of grateful acclamation. I saw his clear, spirit-speaking eyes fill with tears, on being thus interrupted, for the third time, in his efforts to make himself heard. There he stood, the meekest-looking man I ever saw fronting a public assembly. With his slight form gently inclining forward,—one of his thin, pale hands depending by the forefinger from a button-hole in the left breast of his coat, and with the other leaning, as if for support, on one corner of the speaker's desk, he reminded me of a humble member of the Methodist Church in America, arising, for the first time, in one of their *class meetings*, to "tell his experience" with a contrite spirit. The first words he uttered fell upon the listening assembly in tones of querulous modulation. They were uttered in child-like simplicity, and were tremulous with the emotion he confessed. He adverted, in a touching manner, to the fact, that they were assembled to disband their association at the moment of its triumph. He spoke of the unanimity that had pervaded its counsels, from the earliest period of its existence to the present happy consummation of its destiny. The pressure of the opposition they had encountered, and of the obstacles that had surrounded them, had rendered their union more compact. Now that this oppo-

sition and these obstacles had been overcome, it might be safer to dissolve in the spirit of union, than to retain their organization, in the full force of its executive agencies, after the cause and necessity of its existence had been removed. He addressed a word of comfort to an emotion that pervaded the assembly, by saying that the best part of the League would not die in its dissolution. Its spirit would live and pervade the earth. Disembodied from the League, it would seek voluntary forms of existence, which would fill all the avenues of practical philanthropy, and work on for the people's good. In the most delicate manner, he softened down the eminence to which his fellow-countrymen would raise him, by reminding them of the exertions of the earliest pioneers in the cause—men who had entered the field before him, and, with untiring assiduity and zeal, had cleared away its tangled thickets of difficulty and obstruction, leaving a free course for their successors. It was beautiful, and showed the true greatness of the man. He commended to the gratitude of those so grateful and generous to him, the *upper room* few, and the first acts of their heroic faith; the men who strewed the by-roads of the people with tracts and the priceless foliage of truthful thoughts. He scattered the laurels wreathed for his brow in every direction, out of apparent love to see them worn by others, whom the people might forget in concentrating their admiration on him. With a graceful simplicity he twined a wreath around the brow of England's young Queen, and paid a delicate tribute to the wish of her heart, that the poor people of her kingdom might have cheap bread. What a lesson might Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte have learned, had they been there to hear Cobden, in the singleness of his heart, commending his rivals in reputation to the admiration of his admirers! He would

not have Sir Robert Peel forgotten in an hour when the measures and the men that had effected the triumphs of their cause were passing in review. He adverted in earnest terms—as if the assembly had forgotten them—to the sacrifices and labors of the Premier, in advocating and carrying, through all opposition, the measure for which they had struggled during so many years. Having begun by ascribing to an overruling Providence the combination of influences that had brought about the consummation of their hopes, he concluded by ascribing the whole good and glory of the event to the same Divine interposition. He sat down apparently satisfied that he had reduced his eminence to the level of his associates and co-laborers of the League.

John Bright next arose, and was received with enthusiastic applause. *Par nobile fratrum*, he and Cobden had labored, shoulder to shoulder, through all the hard campaigns of the great moral revolution. In personal appearance, no two men, with only the disparity of ten years between them, could be more unlike each other. By constitution of mind and temperament of genius, no two could have been more happily associated in such a reform. The eloquence of Bright would seem born to command, that of Cobden to win conviction. If the first was the eloquence of logic set on fire by spontaneous combustion, the latter was the eloquence of earnest truth, whose passage through the mind, like the path of the just, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. I regret that I have not room to notice more at length the last speech of Bright before the League. He dwelt most impressively on the fact, that the greatest enemy with which the British people ever had to contend, had been overcome by the resistless might of moral means. These were weapons which no physical power of despotism could withstand. With these

the people could never fail to be victorious in their struggles for right and true freedom. Sublime sentiment! magnificent position! In this principle, the down-trodden tribes of men may find both an Archimedean lever and point of rest, by which they may lift from the bosom of humanity the largest world of wrong which the darkness and despotism of ages can accumulate. This principle, as the only power on earth by which the people can work out the condition of freedom, peace and prosperity, spans the heavens of the race, as the revelation of a new rainbow of promise, that "the nations shall learn war no more," for any political change; and that the revolutions which are to turn and overturn dynasties, rooted in the antiquity of a thousand years, shall leave no stain of blood nor trace of hate upon the fair bosom of the earth.

THE BRANDED HAND.*

In the *Boston Chronicle* we find an article under the above caption, which must appeal to every sentiment of humanity in the heart of the reader. There is the hand of that great-hearted hero, Jonathan Walker, opening its branded palm to the reader, into which are burned those letters of mighty and immortal significance, S. S. "*Salvation to the Slave.*" Slavery has created a new order of knighthood in this heroic age of philanthropy, and its burning and bloody badges will open to the wearer a fellowship

* Jonathan Walker was tried before a judge in Florida, and convicted of having assisted in the escape of several slaves from their degrading bondage, into the British possessions. For this *crime!* he was sentenced to imprisonment, and to be branded in the hand "S. S." [slave-stealer].

with the great heart of humanity, and command a reverence from the world, which neither the star of the Legion of Honor, nor the blazonry of the Garter could procure. God has a "Legion of Honor" in this fallen world; and, as in the day of its institution, it is still made up of men who are not afraid to make themselves of no reputation, like their Master; who are not afraid of stripes and bruising and branding irons;—poor men—in rags many—but rich, immensely rich in faith in God, and immensely mighty in his power: who from the great, heaven-inspired love that is in them, can work like a legion of strong angels for man.

That "Branded Hand!" look at it, ye Belshazzars enthroned on the necks of three millions of God's human children! No transient apparition, that! no mystic, vapory characters of ambiguous meaning has it traced upon the crumbling walls of slavery. This thing, which ye have done unto the least of his little ones, ye have done unto Him who died for the slave. Into His hands, still bearing the nail-marks of the cross, have ye burned the literal signet of your malignity to man and human freedom. That hand! the subtle daguerreotype has imaged it, like a petrified vapor, on these thin, sibyl leaves, to endure for a day: but in lines that will deepen and darken through eternity, is that *branded hand* daguerreotyped in the Chancery of Heaven; where, we ween, it shall be shown in pride to every angel that comes to look into the record of human actions.

LAURA BRIDGMAN AND HER BARREL OF FLOUR.

We wonder if any of our young friends in England have not heard or read something of this interesting American

girl? If there are any such, to whom the story of Laura Bridgman is unknown, we would merely say, that she is a young girl, in the Institution for the Blind, in Boston, United States of America, *deaf*, *dumb* and *blind*. Just think of that condition a moment. Every avenue to her mind is cut off, except the sense of *feeling*. We believe that of smelling is impaired, so as to be unable to perceive any relish in the sweet breath of flowers. Poor girl! had she been born among the heathen, she would have been left to perish as a worthless thing, to whom life were of no value. But there were those who saw in her a candidate for immortal glory; a being that, deaf, dumb and blind as she was, could be made to sing, and hear the angels sing, in heaven; and see and taste all the beatitudes enjoyed there by spirits that never were pent in clayey tabernacles as windowless as hers on earth. And they went to work and educated that single sense of feeling to the nicest susceptibilities. And they made a wooden alphabet, wooden models of ideas, of things that had been, are, and shall be in the world. And these she touched most thoughtfully, as if listening for the music of a new existence; and, wonderful! her fingers' ends became endowed with faculties almost miraculous, and filled her mind with astonishing revelations of things present, past, and to come. Her little white, whispering, loving, listening fingers touched the record of the olden years beyond the Flood, till they felt the branches of the forbidden tree, and the locks of murdered Abel, and the surges that beat against Noah's helmless ark, and the cradle of the Hebrew baby in the bulrushes, and the tremulous base of Sinai, and David's harp, and the face of the infant Emanuel in the manger, and the nails that fastened him to the cross, and their deep prints that unbelieving Thomas felt after the resurrection; and with his faith, on

shorter evidence, she too had cried, in the voiceless language of her heart, "My Lord! and my God!"

How she plied, at morning, noon and night, those fingers! wonderful fingers! It seemed that the very finger of God had touched them with miraculous susceptibilities of fellowship with the spirit world and that around her. She put them upon the face of His written word, and felt them thrill to her heart with the pulsation of His great thoughts of love to man. And then she *felt* for others' woe. Poor child! God bless her richly! she reached out her short arms to feel after some more unhappy than she in the condition of this life; some whose fingers' ends had not read such sweet paragraphs of heaven's mercy as hers had done; some who had not seen, heard, and felt what her dumb, silent, deaf fingers had brought into her heart, of joy, hope and love. Think of that, ye young eyes and ears that daily feast upon the beauty and melody of this outer world. Within the atmosphere of her quick sensibilities she felt the presence of those whose cup was full of affliction. She put her fingers, with their throbbing sympathies, upon the lean, bloodless faces of the famishing children in Ireland, and her sightless eyes filled with the tears that the blind may shed for griefs they cannot see. And then she plied the needle with those fingers, and quickened their industry by placing them anon upon the slow, sickly pulse of want, that wasted her kind at noonday across the ocean. Days and nights too—for day and night were alike to her wakeful sympathies—and weeks she wrought on with her needle. And then the embroidery of those fingers was sold to the merchants—would it had been sold to England's Queen, to be worn by the young Princesses on days of state—it was sold, and its purchase price was a *barrel of flour*, instead of a country's harvest, which it was well worth. And that barrel of flour was stored away, without other private mark than that the

recording angel put upon it, among the thousands that freighted the *Jamestown*, on her recent mission of brotherly love to Ireland. That barrel of flour—would that it might be, to all the children of want in Ireland, what the barrel of meal was to the household of her who entertained the prophet of old. That barrel of flour! would at least that those whom it supplies with bread might know what fingers wrought for their sustenance.

LAURA BRIDGMAN AND HER BARREL OF FLOUR

should teach the world a lesson worth the woes of one year's famine. Let all the children of England and America learn that lesson by heart, and Ireland and the whole family of mankind will be the better for this grievous visitation of want.

"NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF."

THERE is nothing in the universe that stands alone—nothing solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, or ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. Everything belongs to some system of society, of which it is a component and necessary part. Just so it is in the moral world. No man stands alone, nor high angel, nor child. All the beings, "lessening down from Infinite Perfection to the brink of dreary nothing," belong to a system of mutual dependencies. All and each constitute and enjoy a part of the world's sum of happiness. No one liveth to himself. The destiny of the moral universe is affected by his existence and influence. The most obscure individual exerts an influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Should the hand say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," the world would stand still.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions, who will be better or worse for his influence.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are here forming characters for eternity. Forming characters!—whose? our own? or others'? Both; and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought!—thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly, and till years shall end, enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their *primary formations*, and in all their successive strata of thought and life. And they too will form other characters for eternity, until the influence of my existence shall be diffused through all the future generations of this world, and through all that shall be future to a certain point in the world to come. As the little silvery, circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool; so there is not a child, not an infant Moses, placed, however softly, in his bulrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on, until it shall have moved across and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the river of life, and the fountains at which his tall angels drink.

"*To be, or not to be?*" is that the question? No! we

are; and whether we live or die, we are the Lord's; we belong to his eternity, and henceforth his moral universe will be filled with our existence.

AN HOUR WITH NATURE AND THE NAILERS.

(First published in Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.)

TUESDAY, JULY 21st, 1846.—After a quiet easy breakfast, served up on a little round table for myself alone, I sat down to test the practicability of the plan I had formed at home for my peregrinations in this country:—*viz.*, to write until one, P.M., then to take my staff and travel on, eight or ten miles, to another convenient stopping place for the night. As much depended upon the success of the experiment, I was determined to carry the point against the predictions of my friends. So at it I went, *con amore*. The house was as quiet as if a profound Sabbath was resting upon it, and the windows of my airy chamber looked through the foliage of grave elms down upon a green valley. I got on swimmingly; and after a frugal dinner at the little round table, I buckled on my knapsack with a feeling of self-gratulation in view of the literary part of my day's work. Having paid my bill, and given the lady a copy of my corn meal receipts, I resumed my walk toward W—— * *

I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of this magnificent scenery, by a fall of heavy rain drops, as the prelude of an impending shower. Seeing a gate open, and hearing a familiar clicking behind the hedge, I stepped through into a little blacksmith's shop, about as large as an American smoke-house for curing bacon. The first object that my eyes rested on was a full-grown man nine years of

age, and nearly three feet high, perched upon a stone of half that hight, to raise his breast to the level of his father's anvil, at which he was at work, with all the vigor of his little short arms, making nails. I say, a *full-grown* man; for I fear he can never grow any larger, physically or mentally. As I put my hand on his shoulder in a familiar way, to make myself at home with him, and to remove the timidity with which my sudden appearance seemed to inspire him, by a pleasant word or two of greeting, his flesh felt case-hardened into all the induration of toiling manhood, and as unsusceptible of growth as his anvil block. Fixed manhood had set in upon him in the greenness of his youth; and there he was, by his father's side, a stinted, premature *man;* with his childhood cut off; with no space to grow in between the cradle and the anvil-block; chased, as soon as he could stand on his little legs, from the hearth-stone to the forge-stone, by iron necessity, that would not let him stop long enough to pick up a letter of the English alphabet on the way. O, Lord John Russell! think of this. Of this Englishman's son, placed by his mother, scarcely weaned, on a high, cold stone, barefooted, before the anvil; there to harden, sear, and blister his young hands by heating and hammering ragged nailrods, for the sustenance those breasts can no longer supply! Lord John! look at those nails, as they lie hissing on the block. Know you their meaning, use and language? Please your lordship, let me tell you—I have made nails many a day and many a night—*they are iron exclamation points*, which this unlettered, dwarfed boy is unconsciously arraying against you, against the British government, and the government of British literature, for cutting him off without a letter of the English alphabet, when printing is done by steam; for incarcerating him for no sin on his or his parents' side, but poverty, into a dark, six-by-eight prison of hard labor, a *youthless* being—think

of it!—an infant hardened, almost in its mother's arms, into a man, by toil that bows the sturdiest of the world's laborers who come to manhood through intervening years of childhood!

The boy's father was at work with his back toward me, when I entered. At my first word of salutation to the lad, he turned around and accosted me a little bashfully, as if unaccustomed to the sight of strangers in that place, or reluctant to let them into the scene and secret of his poverty. I sat down upon one end of his nail-bench, and told him I was an American blacksmith by trade, and that I had come in to see how he got on in the world; whether he was earning pretty good wages at his business, so that he could live comfortably, and send his children to school. As I said this, I glanced inquiringly toward the boy, who was looking steadily at me from his stone stool by the anvil. Two or three little crock-faced girls, from two to five years of age, had stolen in timidly, and a couple of young, frightened eyes were peering over the door-sill at me. The poor Englishman—he was as much an Englishman as the Duke of Wellington—looked at his bushy-headed, barefooted children, and said softly, with a melancholy shake of the head, that the times were rather hard with him. It troubled his heart, and many hours of the night he had been kept awake by the thought of it, that he could not send his children to school, nor teach them himself to read. They were good children, he said, with a moist yearning in his eyes; they were all the wealth he had, and he loved them the more, the harder he had to work for them. The poorest part of the poverty that was on him, was that he could not give his children the letters. They were good children, for all the crock of the shop was on their faces, and their fingers were bent like eagle's claws with handling nails. He had been a poor man all his days, and he knew his children would be

poor all their days, and poorer than he, if the nail business should continue to grow worse. If he could only give them the letters, it would make them the like of rich; for then they could read the Testament. He could read the Testament a little, for he had learned the letters by the forge-light. It was a good book, was the Testament; and he was sure it was made for nailers and such like. It helped him wonderfully when the loaf was small on his table. He had but little time to read it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time, and fed his heart with it, while his children were eating the bread that fell to his share. And when he had spelt out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy—the one on the block there—could say several whole verses he had learned in this way. It was a great comfort to him, to think that James could take into his heart so many verses of the Testament which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do at meal-times; for all the other hours he had to be at the anvil. The nailing business was growing harder, he was growing old, and his family large. *He had to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night to earn eighteen-pence.* His wages averaged only about *seven shillings a week;* and there were five of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of their hands, however little, could be spared. Jemmy was going on nine years of age, and a helpful lad he was; and the poor man looked at him dotingly. Jemmy could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement and garden, was five pounds a year; and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

But, continued the blacksmith, speaking cheerily, I am not the one that ought to complain. Many is the man that has a harder lot of it than I, among the nailers along this hill and in the valley. My neighbor in the next door could tell you something about labor you may never have heard the like of in your country. He is an older man than I, and there are seven of them in his family; and, for all that, he has no boy like Jemmy here to help him. Some of his little girls are sickly, and their mother is not over strong, and it all comes on him. He is an oldish man, as I was saying, yet he not only works eighteen hours every day at his forge, but *every Friday in the year he works all night long*, and never lays off his clothes till late of Saturday night. A good neighbor is John Stubbins, and the only man just in our neighborhood who can read the newspaper. It is not often he gets a newspaper; for it is not the like of us that can have newspapers and bread too at the same time in our houses. But now and then he begs an old one, partly torn, at the baker's, and reads it to us of a Sunday night. So once in two or three weeks, we hear something of what is going on in the world—something about Corn Laws, and the Duke of Wellington, and Oregon, and India, and Ireland, and other parts of England. We heard tell a while ago that the poor people would not have to make so many nails for a loaf of bread much longer, because Sir Robert Peel and some other men were going to take off the port-locks and other taxes, and let us buy bread of them that could sell it the cheapest. When we heard this talked of, without knowing the truth of it, John Stubbins took a penny and went to the White Hart and bought a drink of beer, and then the landlady let him look into the newspaper which she keeps for her customers. When he came back, he told us a good deal of what was going on, and said he was sure the times would be better one of these days.

Here he was interrupted by John Stubbins himself, who, hearing some strange voices mingling in earnest conversation in the other end of the building, came round to see who was there. With the entrance of this John Stubbins, I must turn over another leaf of my journal.

FAITH.

"FAITH," says the apostle, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is not in the power of language to convey a more beautiful, philosophical, and comprehensive idea of that element and action of the mind. The *substance* of things hoped for; not the fugitive, deceptive shadow of a dream, or transient *ignis fatuus*, dancing along the horizon of our vision; not exactly the things themselves, but the *substance* of them, which the long arms of faith can reach, even across the ocean of time. And that substance, too, so much better adapted to our present state of being than "the things hoped for"—it is angels' food, incarnated, materialized for man—an aliment for his triune nature. For the soul—at least during its co-partnership with flesh and blood—never forgets the necessities of its humble, mortal colleague. When it reaches out its arms of faith into eternity, and feels in the palm of its God for a child's portion, it always brings it home in a substance to which all the senses and yearnings of human nature may sit down and feast. It never makes a journey to heaven, without bringing back some choice things for each of the physical senses. To the sight, it *daguerreotypes*, on the retina of the eye, the great city of God, the New Jerusalem, with all its golden streets, its foundation-stones of celestial water, its gates of pearl, the great white

throne, the robes and ranks of the heavenly hosts, the river of life, and visions of indescribable magnificence. To another sense it spreads out the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and fruits and flowers of immortal taste and bloom. To the ear it brings the melody of the golden harps, the strains of angel anthems. In short, it creates a heaven for every sense, and sets the whole family of them a longing for it, and then feeds them with the substance of the things hoped for.

What a mysterious connection, between the mortal and immortal natures of man! What deep and deathless sympathies unite them! What love, stronger than death, would bind them to a common destiny! How the soul longs to have the body share in its immortality! How fondly it clings to it from the cradle to the grave, as if it could not survive its humanity! It would fain forget its own prerogative of ceaseless existence; it would almost forego its own inevitable immortality, while seeking to cheer its sorrowful, sickly, sinking companion, with the hopes of a new life beyond the grave. It matters not what ghastly ills, what mutilating accidents, what loathsome, life-eating diseases prey upon the flesh and blood; the soul, with all its angel aspirations, is never ashamed of its mortal partner, but clings to it with new and stronger yearnings of affection.

See the aged Christian, tottering on life's tremendous verge! What tender communings are going on between his two dissolving natures! "Immortal spirit, must we part forever here?" cries his poor, dying flesh, with all its lisping tongues. "Look into this cold, dark grave; wilt thou leave me to molder here in dust, to coalesce and sleep forgotten with the common ground, whilst thou, an angel blest, shalt sing and soar in a bright and glorious life?" "And me," asks the dim, closing eye, "wilt thou forget

me when my light is quenched? wilt thou forget, in yonder bright world, the visions of heaven's magnificence which thou didst promise me in return for these sublunary scenes, this everchanging vista of terrestrial beauty, which I opened to thy view?" "Give us thy last, parting kiss," sigh the cold, marble lips, "and then say, wilt thou not remember, when thou joinest 'the choiring cherubim' above, that we lisped forth thy first infant song of love; that we uttered that prayer of penitence that brought thee down the pardon of thy God; that we gave voice to thy thoughts of love, and sang thy hymns of praise, and set the melody in thy heart to strains of music almost divine? "Look on us," moan the fleshless, palsied hands; "when thy Lord shall greet thee in his kingdom of rest with, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' wilt thou not remember then, that all thy mercy-deeds on earth, and sweet-breathing acts, cost us some toil! When we have melted into dust, and thou, with other hands, art striking the harps of that spirit world, wilt thou not remember then that we prepared and bore thy secret alms to the widow's cot, and smoothed the sick stranger's pillow, and soothed his throbbing brow, and wet his parched lips?" "Look on us," groan the motionless, ice-bound feet; "when thou walkest the golden streets of the city of thy God, with the spirits blest and pure, wilt thou not remember that we bore thee in these humbler walks, and on all thy missions of mercy, to the house of God, the house of mourning, to the prisoner's cell, to secret places of private grief, to heavenly places in Christ Jesus?"

"No, no! Forget thee?" cries the fond spirit in the accents of its immortal love; "forget thee, bride of my life, because thou art cold and dead! forget thee, partner of my joys and sorrows, because thou art gone to the grave, where none can tell thy dust from the common ground! forget thee, companion in my journey through time, because

no record of thy existence shall be left on earth? No, never! I will not leave thee nor forget thee. I will watch over thy quiet home during the centuries of thy slumber. Though the angels should woo me to take their form, I would tell them that I was wedded, and waiting for my bride, whom the Resurrection and the Life shall bring from thy grave to my arms. Forget thee? No! I will forego the full fruition of heaven's beatitudes, until thou shalt share with me in their bliss. I will sip lightly at the unsealed fountains of salvation, till thou art restored to me, a glorious form, to make my heaven complete."

AN EVENING WALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

And the evening is beautiful! and the heavens are full of stars, mirroring their silvery faces in the snow; and the still woods are jeweled with ice-diamonds, and waiting waveless the rising moon. And the Northern Lights, like zephyrs zoned with rainbows, are waltzing on the pearly pavements of the polar sky. And the mountains look like waves of a silver sea, rising heavenward to greet the stars; and the sky like a sea of molten sapphire, with its golden tresses drooping fondly on the brow of the mountains. It is beautiful: too beautiful to shut out of our sight. Let us all go out doors and read a few paragraphs in the album of the heavens. For this firmament above is the great album of the Creator, and the suns are the syllables and the stars are the letters, with which he registers his handiworks. And the first man, on the first evening of this new creation, looked up into the same sky-record, and tried to read the illuminated manuscript of his Maker.—And the generations before the Flood gazed at these same stars; and men that saw

the evenings of nearly a thousand years on the earth, looked up at these same golden eyes of heaven, which now look down on us; and they called them by name, and by their light they drove their flocks to new pastures in the old world. And when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods came, and a long night of darkness, the good man in the ark remembered the stars that studded the firmament in his boyhood's time, and the names they were called by among the fathers of the human race. And when the deep, black clouds rolled away, they shone out of their old places in the sky upon him, and he felt at home again, though floating over the shoreless waste of waters, without compass, chart or helm. There they were, just as they were set in the sky in the morning of creation. The waters, that had washed from the earth every trace of man's existence, had not quenched one of the "lesser lights" of heaven, or moved it a hair from its place. The splendid Orion had not lost a jewel from his belt; neither the deluge nor the darkness had "loosed his bands." He walked the same king, and wielded the same scepter among the stars this evening, as in the first evening that mantled the earth. The fiery Betelguese shone with the same red brilliancy, and the sharp-eyed Rigel glowed in the left foot, a celestial diamond of the first water. There were the little Pleiades, and the great Dog-star, and the long Scorpion, trailing its gems along the southern sky; and the eleven stars, that the young Joseph saw in his dream; and the seven stars, which the first-born child of Adam saw in his infancy. These were *home* stars to Noah; they were all that was left of the drowned world, that he had seen and loved in his youth He knew not whither the sailless, unruddered ark had borne him; the tallest mountain on the earth was buried deep beneath the waters; everything had been swept away but the

stars which he had learned by name, perhaps in the tent of his grandfather Methusaleh, who remembered Adam. And he felt himself at home.

Now, young friends, a deluge will never come again to bury out of sight this green, peopled world; but storms will come, and winds will come, and you may drift far away from the home of your childhood. And what makes that home? If all your relations and friends should go with you to far-off lands, and live with you there, would you not have left behind a great deal of your home? Yes; you could not take with you the old *homestead;* the elms and the oaks under which you played; the hills you climbed in summer to see the sun go down in the west, or in winter with your sleds; the brook that purled through the meadows; the mountains looming up in the distance, like huge cushions of green velvet for the sky; the fields of alternate green and yellow, and the far-off woods. But begin now to look up into this blue world above; to make these star-fields a part of your home; to bring these glorious constellations into the circle of your acquaintance; to call them by name, to associate them with all the objects to which your home affections cling, and you may carry your home with you the world over. Orion, Arcturus, Boötes, Virgo, the celestial companions of Job, Noah and David, will be yours, in every place and every condition; acquaintances, neighbors to your paternal homes. It may be your lot to see but a little space of the earth's surface; and to know but little more of the geography of the earth than what you learn from your map. But here you may study the geography of the heavens, and see every celestial territory it describes. Without going a mile from your father's door, your eye may travel over worlds that arithmetic cannot compute nor geometry measure. Your eyes can do this, and when you have reached the extreme limit of their vision, your thoughts may go on

forever into worlds beyond. Young friends, suppose you spend a half hour every bright evening out in the open air, in appropriating these brilliant constellations; in bringing them within the home-circle of your acquaintance.

THE BIBLE; OR THE GUIDE-STAR OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THERE is no error more natural to good men, than that of misapprehending the condition of the age in which they live; and basing their conduct upon precedents possessing no propriety of present application, unless the world be in a *stationary attitude*. This error, the offspring of an unconscious mistake, becomes one of serious consequences to mankind, when affecting the action of those set apart to increase their *rate of moral progression*. Among the imperative and solemn duties devolving upon a minister of the gospel, there is none more evident and inevitable than that of *leading* his charge, by precept and example, into all truth; of being ever *in advance of an advancing society*, in every good word and work. And this duty he cannot discharge, without becoming deeply read in the philosophy of the gospel he preaches, and of the human mind to be affected by its light.

As, in the structure and productive capacity of our globe, and the constitution of man, there was a consentaneous provision for the continual propagation and sustenance of the human family; so all the revelations of nature and of the Bible have been, are, and will be made for *man* in a *progressive* state. This state is the inevitable condition of his being; and everything in heaven above or on the earth beneath, designed to facilitate his destiny, was created in as much conformity to this state of progression,

as the eye to the light, and the light to the eye. The gospel you preach not only recognizes this progressive tendency of humanity, but, above all the revelations made to man, its principles were adapted to promote and perpetuate it to the end of time. It contains lessons of wisdom for the *first man*, in the very infancy of thought, and for the *last* man on earth, in all the immense capacity of his intellectual and moral nature. And when the race shall cease to inhabit this planet, the principles of the Bible will not have been exhausted of their capacity to advance, to improve, to accelerate the moral *progress* of intellectual beings. It is the text-book of God, given to humanity, with precepts apportioned to every age, to every condition, to every grade of human advancement. It had a lesson reduced to the comprehension of the unweaned intellect of Adam, embodying an element of improvement and *progress*, it had another, in the geometrical series, for Noah, and Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Daniel. And, for the first-born, for "the least in the kingdom of heaven," for the lowliest peasant that listened to the teachings of the Son of God, or was commissioned to carry them to the end of the world—it had another lesson, embodying the aggregate wisdom of all the lessons taught or learned in the previous annals of mankind, superadded to that, which, in the language of our Savior, made the least in his kingdom of grace, greater than Solomon, or Daniel. The era of the Gospel constituted an era in the history of humanity,—a point in its steady progression, where its subsequent advancement was to be accelerated by the intense ratio of geometrical gradation. Absorbing all the indistinct and glimmering rays of previous revelation, it arose, in the murky firmament of the moral world, a SUN which has never set—never will set—never reach its meridian; but which has shone on, brighter and brighter, from the hour

that its morning beams saluted the lowly birth-place of its Eternal Author, to this favored day of its diffusive light.

If, then, by constitutional necessity, the human mind has ever been and ever must be in a state of progression; and if the genius of the Gospel not only *conforms*, but most intensely conduces to that state—how, then, can any minister of that gospel, or any one walking by its light, living by its precepts, and breathing its spirit—how can such an one, I ask, stand in the same foot-prints that he occupied last year? But, above all, how can he stand in the same position with regard to any moral question, as that taken by some remote predecessor of a former age? With the increasing light of God's word shining around his path of duty, must he go back into the starlight of the past for *precedents*, or traditionary customs, to direct his course, and enlighten his convictions? When called, as you are, to act in view of a new condition of society, and of new duties resulting therefrom, may he not lay his hand upon his Bible and say,—A greater than Solomon, or Daniel, or Luther, or Melancthon, or Mather is here? In declining to make their example the rule of his conduct, with regard to moral questions, growing out of a new state of things, does he impeach their wisdom and piety? Certainly not; any more than we question the learning and indefatigable industry of Hipparchus, Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe, when we even sweep away the basis of their theories.

AN AMERICAN SLAVE IN LONDON.

The leap for liberty, that sweetest boon of heaven, had been adventured. The desperate struggle was over; and that boon was his, to dis with, apparently: for he seemed

to be trembling on the extremest verge of life. There he was, in that city-world, great London, wherein dwell shapes, and phases, and faculties of human wretchedness almost infinite in number and variety. But an American slave, with the bracelets of a Republic, or their red marks, on his feet and hands, was as unique a wonder as if a common beggar had never walked the city. Slavery, disguise itself as it may, can never hide under the rags of poverty, nor merge its chattel mark with the lineaments of common wretchedness. And there was this poor man, trembling in the midst of the bold beggars—trembling with a sense of the guilt of his skin, that original sin of his constitution, for which he had done penance in a Christian land for thirty years on the tread-mill of slavery. It is an affecting sight to see an American slave anywhere, either at home or abroad, while panting with his run for life. Of all human beings, none are goaded by day and night by such a distorted conscience as that which afflicts him. He wears his guilt like the mark of Cain, and every white man he meets is a species of avenger of his African blood. Had all the laws and the prophets been concentrated in the command, "*Thou shalt have a white skin and straight hair*," he could not have borne about with him a more painful sense of unpardonable sin, than that under which he hangs his head in the presence of his fellow-beings. Having suffered, for thirty or forty years, a more degrading punishment for the crime of color, than ever visited sin against God or man, by human authority, how can he divest himself of this unnatural conscience, that, with a scourge borrowed from the driver's hand, chases him through every lane of life, and fills his dreams with the baying of the blood-hounds and the tread of his pursuers! How can he, in a day, a month, or a year, acquire a sense and attitude of innocency before the world, and stand up erect and look

the world in the face, and say, "*I am not guilty!*" Not guilty! Gracious heavens! what a charge, then, of false imprisonment you can enter at the tribunal of mankind, against those who made you grind in the house of bondage for thirty years! "*Not guilty*," said the American slave in London; "*Not guilty*," he said tremulously, and he bent his head to his bosom and crouched toward the fire; for the ague was on him for the nights he had lain upon the cold floor of his prison-house. What a desperate plea! what an appeal from the laws of his country! from the unanimous verdict of six millions of his countrymen, which had pronounced him an African by blood, and sentenced him and all his posterity to the condition of brute beasts!

The Bible, God's *Magna Charta* of human liberty, had been wound around with the slave-holder's lash, to keep its divine revelations from the bondman. But there was, in all the darkness that surrounded him, a ray of that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and it fell faintly and dimly upon his oppressed conscience, until he saw and felt that his color was not the complexion of crime; and he determined to encounter the tremendous odds, and seek a jury in the wide world who should listen to his appeal, and reverse the verdict that had made him a slave.

He could not read; for it is a breach of the laws, which fix his condition, to teach a slave to read. He could not read the names and destination of the ships that alighted in the harbor, like carrier eagles. Whence they came, and whither they went, was a mystery beyond his means of solution. He daily saw them spread their great white wings, and soar away through the blue ocean-firmament, and wondered much what kind of land they would alight at—what kind of people would hail their coming. And among those querulous thoughts, this last would steal

in—whether *color* was *crime*, on that distant shore. It was little he knew of the location of countries. The North Star was the sum and center of all his geographical facts And Canada was directly under the North Star, and all who reached that paradise of freedom from Southern bondage, stole away by night, and traveled through forests, and over mountains, for weeks and months. This he knew by tradition; but where these ships finished their course and dropped their anchors, which he daily saw vanishing in the distance, was a question for conjecture. They could not be bound for Canada; he was sure of that. But did slavery cover all the earth but Canada? Might not one in ten of these ocean ships anchor by some foreign shore, where a slave might walk a freeman? Hope and faith jointly reared that thought into a living idea, that filled his mind by night and day. His condition could not be worse. He could be but a slave, wherever he might be cast

The note of preparation, about a large merchantman, indicated that it was about to weigh anchor for a foreign port. The deck and wharf were covered with busy men, wrestling with bales, boxes and barrels. But there was one man, colored like half the rest, who carried a bag closely by his side, not entered upon the ship's invoice. It was filled with the fragments and savings from many scanty meals. With this he found his way into the fore-part of the ship, where he espied a little space, which another bale or box would close from sight. While the crew were busy in stowing away the freight, he slunk into the narrow nook with his bag, and the next minute the aperture was closed, and to his great joy he was left in utter darkness.

The hurried tramp upon deck waxed louder and louder; and the fugitive held his breath to listen. "*He! Ho! Hoy!*" at last fell upon his ears like the voice of salvation,

and he closely hugged the floor to his bosom, to still the noise of his beating heart. "He! Ho! Hoy!—Hoy!—Oy—Ee! O! Hoy!" The ship is sidling off from the wharf. The voices on deck are suppressed, and the captain's is heard alone. "Aye! aye! sir!" comes down in response from the thronged spars; and the sound of the fluttering canvas has already spread the wings of hope in the heart of the American slave. The ship moves—slowly—but it moves. A splash, now! It is the hawser, and the sailors are pulling it in. Now there is a gurgling sound against the ship's side. It moves! it moves! "The land of the free and the home of the brave" recedes inch by inch. Another sail is shaken out to the breeze, and the gurgling furrow of the keel is deepened. There is a space which cannot be swum between him and his master. In ten minutes more it will be doubled. Still another sail falls booming from the yard, and the ship creaks beneath the canvas. The last sound from the land of slavery dies away upon his ear, and he is drifting far out upon the ocean Rubicon. He breathes freer, but not a freeman; and the thought of the unknown land to which he is bound, displaces the painful idea of the one he has left. The ship keeps on its course—but whither, he knows not. Is it northward, or southward, or eastward? He cannot tell; it is not westward, and that cheers his hope of freedom. He fears the light, lest he should be discovered; but he longs for one look from the deck, merely to see if the fearful vision of the land of bondage has disappeared. Now it is night; although the night and the day are both alike to him, as far as light is concerned. Nature knows when night comes, even to one born blind. And nights came to the American slave, and days, and dreams, and lights and shades of hope and despair, which he could not describe.

His story was short and simple. He was writhing with the ague, and there was a rheumatic fever in every joint. He breathed painfully, and with an effort that shook the chair in the corner. He had an old calico coat on him when he hid himself away in the ship; but little of that now hung upon his shoulders. It was the last of November, and he could say but little of his perilous passage across the ocean. He had done all nature could do to make his crackers last until the ship should anchor at some foreign port. He knew he had nothing to hope from the captain or his men, and he put himself on the closest allowance that could sustain life. But it was in vain. Twenty-one days he had been out upon the sea, yet no cry of land was heard. The last cracker was gone. Three days and nights he had lived without a morsel of food Life and liberty seemed to recede; and he clutched at them in a cry for help. Peradventure there might be flesh in the captain's heart, out upon that interminable ocean, and he cried louder still, "*Save me! I perish!*" He was dragged from his hiding-place, trembling and haggard, into the presence of the captain, who demanded, in a voice of angry surprise, whence he came. In a few broken words he told his story, and his entreaties for mercy were interrupted by a volley of oaths and threats that he should be sent back to slavery, by the first ship, they met bound to America. He pleaded for mercy with all the earnestness of his last hope of freedom, and then in all the strength of his despair; but in vain. He was ordered to be put in irons, and to be kept upon bread and water, until some vessel should heave in sight, by which the captain and crew might escape conviction of humanity, by sending the fugitive back to his bondage. But no such sail was descried, though sought in the distance with the telescope; and the slave hoped on in his fetters. He was

on deck, with his hands manacled together, when a green land loomed up from the sea, like a vision of a new world. Life and liberty came back to his despairing heart with all the impulse of their strong yearnings, and he essayed to wring the iron from his limbs. Now the towers and spires, and the dim outlines of a distant city arose before his eyes, and the ship entered the waters of the Rhine, and that city was Rotterdam; and soon they were threading their way through a fleet of vessels of every flag. The moment had come, and Liberty or Death was to be the issue of the leap The sailors were busy in taking in the sails and letting go the anchor. Now or never—and the American slave, "accoutred as he was," sprang from the deck into the river. His hands were closely ironed together; but he struggled manfully with the current, for life and liberty. He was descried by the crew of a Dutch boat passing near, who rescued him, just as he was sinking for the last time, and conducted him to the ship to which they belonged. He came before the captain, who recognized the jewels of a republic, and saw that the poor man was an American slave, and in bonds for the color of his skin. His iron bracelets were wrung by strong hands from his, and he was conducted to the English Consul, and by the next steamer to England; in a few hours he trod a soil upon which no slave can breathe. When I saw him, he was still wet with his leap into the Rhine. A reaction had come over him. The perils of the escape had been encountered. Nature had exhausted all her latent energies in the struggle for liberty. The sustaining invigoration of fear and hope was gone, and he hung his head and crouched toward the fire, as if there were nothing left to ask for, but to die a free-man. Nor did he ask aloud for this, or for anything; but sat quaking with the ague, and uttered not a complaint nor a murmur of pain, except when left alone for a moment

in the room. Here was a fellow-countryman, appealing to the world, in the silent remonstrance of his suffering, against a false imprisonment for color in the American house of bondage. I plead guilty for my country, with a sense of shame I cannot describe. It was the first time, I believe, that I ever had two overcoats at once; and thus was able to comply literally with the gospel precept, and share them with a suffering fellow-being. And as this was the first time I ever enjoyed that luxury, I put the best of the twain upon him—a warm and thick one—and felt new comfort in the one I wore. The hat I had worn for two years fitted him well; and I left him with a feeling of gratitude that I could give even so poor a "freedom suit" to an American slave in London.

NOT THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

"Wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?"—LUKE ix. 54.

No doubt these two disciples of Jesus felt that they had just cause of righteous indignation toward the inhospitable Samaritans. The terms they employed to express that feeling are full of intense and varied significancy, and breathed a spirit perfectly intelligible to Him who knew what was in man. Every word in the sentence has a peculiar meaning and force, which must be properly weighed before the whole strength of the proposition can be estimated. Out of the abundance of their hearts, their lips gave involuntary utterance to a spirit which the Christian frequently finds stirring within him, under the pressure of some sudden temptation; a spirit, the source and character of which, he is as liable to misapprehend as the two disciples in question. To

their Divine Master the state of their feelings was perfectly intelligible, though not to themselves; and he modified his rebuke with the charitable allowance,—"*Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.*" Of all the spirits we are recommended to try by the standard of the gospel, the one under consideration deserves the most unsparing examination; for there is no one that can more seriously affect our communication and communion with God, and our conduct to our fellow-men.

Let us briefly advert to the circumstances under which James and John were tempted to give utterance to a sentiment, which met such a tender and earnest rebuke, and endeavor to ascertain "what manner of spirit they were of," which our Savior merely suggests in comparing it with his own.

These two disciples had always been distinguished among the twelve by their Lord and Master. They had been chosen, with Peter, as his select companions, to attend him at moments of sublime revelation, when the Eternal Father communed with his Incarnate Son, and the opening heavens attested his power and Godhead. Standing at the head of his little band of followers, they were intrusted with the most important commissions, and received such special tokens of favor and confidence, as to excite in their brethren a feeling of uneasy emulation, until the question was sometimes indulged by the way, "*which of them should be greatest.*" They had just returned from a missionary tour through Judea, during which they had preached the gospel, and done many mighty works by the power and authority of their Master. Their mission had been one of mercy. They had stood at the bed-side of the sick and dying, and, in answer to their prayers, life, and health, and joy had returned to the fainting, sorrowing heart. Everywhere the poor and grateful populace had crowded around them, and "the

blessing of him that was ready to perish" had followed them. The dumb had employed the first accents of returning speech to bless them and their God. The eyes of the blind they had seen swimming with tears of gratitude, as they opened to the sight of day, the faces of friends, and the bright world around. The lunatic, as the first rays of returning reason broke in upon his distempered mind, had followed them, to tell the joy and gladness and gratitude swelling his bosom, at his sudden deliverance from the demons that had tormented him. They went forth upon their mission filled with the spirit of their Master, of love for their fellow-beings, the spirit of prayer. And they had returned to him overjoyed at the success of their ministry, and recounted all the wonderful works they had done in his name. But among all the miracles they had wrought, they had never invoked a manifestation of Divine power to the injury of a single human being. That power came not by prayer or fasting, when coveted for such a purpose. It was accessible to *heal*, but not to *kill*—to carry life, and hope, and joy into the house of mourning and the bereaved heart, but not to accompany a malediction, gratify a resentment, or avenge an injury. They were put in communication with the throne and omnipotence of God only, by the spirit of their Divine Master, the only spirit that can carry a prayer to the mercy seat, or bring back an answer of peace.

On an occasion that rendered the lesson more impressive, they were taught this important truth. Journeying on toward Jerusalem to finish the great work of redemption, the Savior had sent messengers to prepare for his reception in a Samaritan village. But such was the state of feeling existing between the Samaritans and Jews, that all friendly intercourse had been interdicted. The deep-seated rancor of religious hatred had made them more than common ene-

mies. The inhabitants of this village, therefore, refused to entertain Jesus and his followers, "because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem." A feeling deeper and stronger than indignation was immediately aroused in the bosoms of James and John, who were somewhat characterized by their impetuous zeal. On the first impulse of their resentment, they conceived that the supernatural power which had been conferred upon them during their recent mission, was still at their command, and they longed to exhaust it upon the heads of the Samaritans, in a judgment that would consume them. Eager to resent the indignity offered their Master, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," they said, "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?"

The sentiments condensed into this impetuous question are strongly marked and distinct. In the first place, they knew that their Lord would neither rebuke nor resent this act of inhospitality and unkindness on the part of the Samaritans, and they desired to interfere themselves to prevent their escape. "Wilt thou that *we* command fire," they asked; as if he would sanction in a disciple what would be inconsistent with the character of his Master, and thus authorize an act of revenge. And they would *command* the devouring element to descend. Had they been about to invoke the interposition of God in behalf of some dying fellow-being, they would have employed a term more expressive of *prayer*. They spoke as if the thunderbolt was already poising in their hands, ready to be hurled upon the heads of the odious Samaritans. As their incensed eyes met those of the meek and lowly Jesus,—which, even on the cross, beamed with love on his enemies—we can conceive that they added, "*As Elias did;*" appealing to the example of that ancient man of God to sanction the senti-

ment they had uttered. But a greater than Elias was there; one with whom such a precedent could not be plead in justification of a feeling of revenge; one behind whose example the Christian might never go for precedents to sanction the indulgence of hatred or anger toward a fellow-being.

"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," was the mild reply of their heavenly Master, not only to them, but to all his disciples, in every subsequent age, who should be tempted to indulge the feelings that were aroused in James and John, at the ungenerous treatment received from their "natural enemies." Although, like the two disciples, we may not know precisely what manner of spirit was moving in their hearts, we are assured by Him who knew every lineament of its character and origin, that it was not the spirit of Christ, without which we cannot be his, nor have any medium of communion with God. It was not the *spirit of prayer*, though they conceived it was that of Elias. It was a spirit that never gained an admission into heaven, nor breathed on the throne of grace. It was a fallen and falling spirit, with which the Spirit of God could have no communion. It was a burning exhalation of anger, which, in speeding to its source, could not soar upward.

ANOTHER YEAR.

The wheel of time has drawn out another link in the great chain of eternity, and craned up the race to a new stand-point in their destiny, between a new past and a new future. They have accomplished another term in that series of geometrical progression, established by laws that were

enacted before the creation of man or matter. They have reached a point in their ascending continuity, where their ratio of progression is one of intense result. The measure of their next gradation will be the sum of all the six thousand terms of the series through which they have passed. In their existence, the close of a year is not an end, but a beginning—an accretion of life; although it terminates the physical connection of millions of human beings with the race.

Dear reader, the close and commencement of another year must suggest reflections full of deep and solemn interest to us as individuals. Standing, with one foot on the threshold of eternity, and the other upon the green grave of the past, it would be well to let the mind dwell upon those reflections; to set apart a season of sober communion with the realities of our mortality, the inevitable conditions of this state of being. Let the evidence that we are passing away, that this sweet habit of existence is but a transient vapor, come home to our hearts with all the force of the affecting lesson, to admonish us to do quickly with our might what our hands find to do. But while we stand weeping as it were by the graves of those we loved, and the affecting mementoes of our own dissolution are clustering around us, let us remember, that if *men* were not mortal, *Man* would die. Death is merely the respiration of Humanity, the most vital function of its great organ of life; and just as necessary to its healthy development, as the renovation of matter in the human system. *Sickness*, *dying*, and *death*, are terms confined to individual *particles* of the great body of corporate humanity; to that body, as a whole, they have a significancy full of life. Let us contemplate their import in relation to that vast system.

Suppose the human body were divided into as many parts as there are persons in the human family, or into eight hun-

dred millions of particles; and each of those particles would bear the same proportion and relation to that body, as that sustained by a person to the whole body of humanity. Now it is absolutely necessary for the sustenance of life, that the entire matter of the human body be changed for new, once in seven years. All of those eight hundred millions of particles must be *deposed* during that period, and their place supplied with others. Every pulsation of the heart displaces thousands of them.—To them, individually, every throb of life in the system must be a death-blow; hundreds of them must expire at every breath of the slumbering infant. Suppose, then, that every one of these particles were a little *man*, which, though imperceptible to the naked eye, had a heart to feel, an eye to see, an ear to hear, a tongue to speak, and a pen to write. What curious sermons, and New Year's addresses, and grave editorials, would they put forth upon the uncertainty of their life, and the cause of their mortality! What funeral terms they would employ to express the action and effect of the vital functions of the system! The *viscera* would be, in their language, ten million *hearses*, bearing their fellow-beings to the *grave-yard* of the world. The *digestive organs* would be the same number of *grave-diggers*, each with his spade in his hand. *Breathing* would be *dying*, and every drop of perspiration a *deluge*. What tender and touching partings; what weeping friends and death-bed scenes, would follow every pulsation of the heart!

Now, reader, you and we are but two of the eight hundred millions of particles which constitute the body corporate of Humanity; and the vital functions of that body, by which we are deposed or displaced, to give room for new and more vigorous elements of life, are death to us; we, sorrowful and sentient particles, define the action of those functions in terms expressive of disease and dissolution.

Every pulsation of the heart of Humanity, which fills its innumerable veins with new life, is to us a death-blow to millions of these constituent particles, or *persons*. Its breathing is *dying*, and its perspiration a *deluge*, which sweep away, once in seventy years, all the old matter of Humanity. Having the advantage over the short-lived particles of our own bodies, in the matter of speech, vision, chirography, &c., we complain of this great system of life, and charge it with having brought death into the world. Now, this comes from parts of a whole considering a whole in parts; or, in other words, from looking at God, the world, and Humanity through a goose-quill. If we expand our vision, so as to compass the whole, we shall see, as clearly as any demonstration can make it, that it is just as necessary for the physical, moral, and intellectual development of Humanity, that it should depose all its old matter and be entirely renovated once in seventy years, as it is that the human body should do the same once in seven. The very life of both these systems depends upon this process of renovation. How long could we live if our food should make no new blood, and our bodies depose no old matter? How long would Humanity have existed without this process of renovation, this circulation or deposition of matter? Suppose it had gone on accumulating to this day, and never have deposed a particle, that is, a person, the solid globe would have been, to-day, one entire mass of human flesh. The particles of our bodies, then, have just as good reason to ascribe our digestion, and respiration, and the healthiest functions of our system, to "the original sin," as we have to ascribe our dissolution to the same cause. Not a particle of our bodies is deposed until it has contributed all its virtue to the system, and becomes worse than superfluous. If we do our duty as well to Humanity, we shall not be deposed until we have given it all of our life and soul.

THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

CHRIST "came not to *destroy* the law and the prophets" —not to displace them with reckless license—but to *fulfill* them, as the seaward rivulet is fulfilled when it becomes a river, and bears to the ocean the heavy ships of burthen. Speaking as never man spake, he said to his disciples, "Ye have heard that it *hath* been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but *I* say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;" "for if ye love them only which love you, what reward have ye?" Did his new commandment *destroy* that law of Moses? No; it *fulfilled* it; it widened and deepened the rivulet into the river, so that it might bear down to the sea of time and the ocean of eternity, that great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and thine enemy as thy neighbor. Christ came to *fulfill* every law of Moses, and every prediction of the prophets in this very way. He fulfilled every law of the decalogue, and made it exceeding broad and deep. The command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," when *fulfilled*, read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength." All the other laws of the decalogue are fulfilled in their aggregation, or as nine rivulets from the same mountain source would be fulfilled, when mingling in one unbroken stream. And they read, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," saith He who came to fulfill them. And love is not only the source, but the fulfilling of the law. And the law is the life of love, and love is the law of gravity in the moral world, which attracts heart to heart, man to man;

angel to angel, and all created beings to God. So love is the fulfilling of the *fulfillment;* that is, even of these two great commandments, upon which hang all the law and the prophets. For when fulfilled in love, they are as much one, and of one law, as the two forces which attract the earth to the sun, and the moon to the earth. They are both two directions, not *modes* of action of the same law, the law of moral gravitation. No one can love God with all his soul, mind, and strength, without loving his neighbor as himself, any more than the earth can gravitate toward the sun, without attracting toward itself the moon by the same force of gravity.

GENIUS-MAKING.

An individual, with a laudable spirit of emulation, sees men standing on an eminence which he is determined to reach. He appreciates the nature and necessity of the exertion, and sets himself to work with an earnest assiduity that never tires nor faints. At first he labors like a prisoner who is trying to dig through the granite dungeon wall with a nail or a knife; he conceals every stroke from the public eye, lest his friends and neighbors should laugh at his tortoise step. He goes on; every inch is gained by a painful effort. He bends every opposing circumstance to his service; he lays siege to every obstacle, and carries it as one would carry a redoubt, and turns it against the next obstruction. A steep overhanging rock blocks up his path, and threatens him with destruction. He must scale this, or never ascend another inch. Years roll on, and find him cutting his winding way up the precipitous bulwark; steadily he keeps his eye on the top, until the last niche is finished;

and when he proudly plants his foot upon the vanquished rock, he finds himself the lord of a fortress, which commands every other post that intervenes between him and the summit goal of his ambition. Every obstacle he meets serves only to increase his upward gradation. He reaches the top, and as he wipes his brow, and casts his eye down his winding path, he sees that all the obstacles he encountered were like friendly, though frowning giants, that lifted him up from one step to another, till he reached the goal.

Did fortune, chance, or native genius help him up the eminence? No; fortune was his first foe; and he fought with her at every inch, and dragged her with him to the top, a docile prisoner. What did chance do for him in the outset? It was a screeching phantom, that struck its black wings in his face, and rolled rocks in his path at every step. He braced up his heart, and bearded the providence of fate, and allied himself to a more available auxiliary, the common Providence of God.

But he had native genius on his side? Yes; but it was a genius which he begat himself; it was the legitimate offspring of his own faculties; which he believed and proved were able to produce this attribute of the intellectual soul. He had a mind; and so has every other man; and that mind had just so many faculties, and no more. True, they were weak at first, and he knew it, and his fellows might have laughed at him for it; but he found by experiment that these faculties, like those of every other man, were endowed with a susceptibility of cultivation, and a capacity of strength sufficient for any emergency or attainment. He dared not tell the world so; for it would have been disrespectful to the royal blood of genius, and he would have been denounced a heretic to the established faith. But he went to work in secret, as every man is obliged to do; and

he was half way up the eminence before the world knew it. From that point to the apex of his career he was called and crowned a genius.

The prerogatives of this title are fixed with precision, and the ceremonies of the coronation are the same now as they were under the dynasty of Mount Olympus. The modern process is something after this fashion—a man called a biographer is sent after the genius, with all the machinery invented for the operation. As soon as the candidate for immortality has ceased to climb, the biographer—or rather, biotapher—sets to work might and main. He knows his task, and performs it too. He strikes into the base of the eminence, and digs away every foot-print of his hero's ascent. He tears away the rocks he scaled, and the shrubs he crushed. He cuts away the acclivity, and shows the man, standing upon the jutting edge of a perpendicular mountain, steep and inaccessible as the sides of Gibraltar One stroke more, and his work is done; it is the crowning touch of the apotheosis; he writes upon the forehead of his unresisting victim, "Nascitur, non fit," in glaring capitals; then turning to the world, exclaims, "Ecce Homo!"

This is the history of genius, given in the language of common life; this is the process of genius-making, which has filled the world with the graven images of deified intellect, which only serves to overawe the people. 'Tis gross injustice, the whole of it. This process embodies all the elements of the ancient apotheosis. It digs an immense chasm between man and man, and breaks up the high road between the incipient and terminating limits of his intellectual capacity. In this way the monuments of industry and application, which great and good men designed as waymarks to higher latitudes of intellectual eminence, are turned to steep, impassable barriers, which circumscribe one's sphere of thought and action.

THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

A MEEK-EYED man, who carried a Bible in his pocket to feed his heart with, came down to the wharf, and sat down on a tea-chest, to see the ships spread their great white wings for the extremest Inde. And he sat and looked steadily at them till their tafferels kissed the sea; and then strange musings came over him, and he seemed like one who saw something with his eyes shut: and he looked up toward the blue sky, and on the sea, and down upon the tea-chest; and he wondered what these strange hieroglyphics were. And he gazed and mused till he saw a moving spirit in them; and he fancied they were specters of Pagan thought, that had come 5000 miles by sea to commune with him and ask him for the Bible. And the tears came into his eyes at that thought; and he started for home, for he verily thought that he had seen a vision.

On his way, a little wooden image, from the Sandwich Islands, stared at him from the window of a toy shop; and they told him it had been worshiped by the far-off island people, who thought there ought to be a God to pray to. It was too much for him; and he ran back to his house, and to his neighbor's house; and he went up into a little upper room, where a dozen young men were praying that the knowledge of God might cover the earth as the waters do the sea. And he stood up in their midst and told them he had seen a vision, the vision of St. Peter. And they marveled at him, for his countenance shone with the reflected light of inspiration. And his words stirred their hearts with burning thoughts; and as they mused and prayed the spirit fell on them, and then they saw clearly that the Ethiopian, the dark-skinned Hindoo, and the Polynesian cannibal had each an immortal soul within him, notwithstanding the

color of his skin. Wonderful thought! the most startling revelation of the nineteenth century! All the good Christian people stared at the conception; and when the meek-eyed man went round among the churches, and held his hat for coppers, there were pious misgivings about casting the bread of life upon such foreign waters; and the widow's mite trembled half-reluctant in her hand. But he begged and borrowed till he had filled his scanty purse; and the next ship that weighed for a heathen shore carried over the waves the first American missionary of the cross. A few moons went by, and an aged Simeon arose in a prayer-meeting and read a letter from the missionary; and children wondered, and the old men wept to hear how some Pagan soul had bowed to the scepter of Emanuel. And the printer took that letter and made ten thousand of it, and sent one to every place where prayer was wont to be made. And then there were ten thousand little red contribution boxes made; and bright-eyed boys and girls brought their coppers, and, forgetting Indian crackers and martial pastry, gave them to the missionary, and thought of droll-looking heathen children wearing clothes like their own, and trying to read the Testament. Those little red boxes, that very year, hung up 20,000 cartridge boxes to dry and rot in disuse; and the trainbands grew thin, and many a village captain felt that the fascination of military glory was over.

CIRCULATION OF MATTER.

The earth moves, lives, and acts; it begets and sustains life in all its varieties of organization. It breathes, and its breath becomes an atmosphere as essential to the vegetable

as to the animal creation. That atmosphere, modified to every genial temperature, laden with sunbeams, rain and dew-drops, respires upon the earth, and fills its veins with renovated life. The action of solar and electric heat animates the digestive process of evaporation and distillation, developing the chemical qualities of the soil, and thus generates a gastric germinating fluid, which penetrates everything susceptible of expansion.

It gently opens the serried pores of the acorn and the grain of wheat. It feeds their expanding veins with a lymphatic element, composed of all the elements of human blood, though combined in another form, which lacks but one more process to fit it for the veins of man. Like man, the sturdy oak is dust, and unto dust it returns. It is not a mere symmetrical inflation of the acorn: that vital fluid supplied it with a substance from the earth, which coalesced with the properties of that acorn, and hardened it into wood instead of flesh.

Every limb and leaf, every wart and wen, upon that gnarled trunk, every inch of its iron *vertere*, has been developed by a process of nutrition similar to that which feeds the bones, nerve and muscles of the human body.

The forest, the field of grain, the prairie and luxuriant meadow, and all the animals they sustain, are merely a portion of the earth's surface, propelled into perpetual circulation by this organic system of everlasting action. Go out into your meadow, into your garden, and striking your spade into the rich mold, compute, if you can, how many forms of life a square foot of that soil has circulated, since "the evening and the morning were the first day." Look at that gigantic oak, whose Briarean arms have defied the tempests of a hundred years. Conceive for a moment, the remote and consecutive history of the elements in its sturdy trunk, its stubborn branches, and tenacious roots. The

matter that lies in dormant induration in that tree, in another form may have been propelled through a hundred human hearts and warmed into human flesh; may have done service in the strong muscles of the ox, the sinews of the bear, the talons of the vulture, the feathers of the eagle. The reörganized substance of every species of plants, and grain, and grass; elements that spread the rose-leaf, and mantled in the cheek of beauty; that bleached the snow-white lily, and polished the forehead of lofty genius; that over-arched the dome of thought, and bent the rainbow; all these may lie mingled within that rough bark. Look at that oak again; it stands immovable in the breeze; but the great system of organic action is upon it, hastening the dissolution of its constituent elements, and propelling them through other combinations. Fifty years hence, and some of them will mingle in stalks of yellow wheat, in blades of grass, and flowers of every hue; in the veins of man, beast, and bird; and some will stretch the insect's wing, and lade the busy bee with wax and honey for its cell. And ages hence, in the ceaseless progress of its circulation, some of the substance of that oak may fall, in noiseless dew-drops, upon the place where it now towers up toward heaven. Yet through all the ages of its continuous circulation, not a grain of that matter will be wasted, annihilated, or lost. Had not this law of preservation remained as steadfast as any other law of God, through every process of composition and decomposition, the solid globe, ere this, would have been entirely exhausted.

LOVE, OR THE FORCE OF GRAVITY IN THE MORAL WORLD.

In the material universe there is one grand royal law, upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law, the union and source of all the laws known to the physical world, is the law of *Gravitation*. In its object, operation and effect, it is to the material world just what the royal law of love is to the moral. To every atom of matter in the universe, it is the command, and the command obeyed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" thou shalt attach thyself to His eternal throne with all thy capacity of adhesion, and draw with thee thy fellow-atom toward the same center. Since the world was made, not a grain of sand, nor a drop of rain or dew, nor a vesicle of air has ever broken that law; and there has been peace, perfect peace, through all the peopled amplitudes of space. Pervading the whole universe with its socializing influence, it attracts particle to particle, planet to primary, sun to sun, system to system; mooring all the creations of God around his throne, the common center of matter and of mind. And there, firm and peaceful, that royal law holds them, while they make music with the harmony of their motions, singing as they revolve in the orbits which it prescribed them when eternity was young, and which shall remain unaltered by a hair, when eternity shall be old. Upon the almighty and omnipresent force of that law depends the destiny of worlds which geometry never measured, the condition of beings outreaching the arithmetic of angels. Should it release its hold upon a single atom of matter, floating along the sunless disk of non-existence, trembling would run through all those innumerable creations, "and signs of woe unutterable

that all was lost." Suppose now, that some human government should undertake to suspend the operation or existence of this royal law of the physical world; and suppose that its puny arm could palsy that all-pervading, concentrating force; what mind could conceive the awful catastrophe that would ensue throughout the material universe? Millions of millions of suns would be quenched simultaneously in everlasting night. All the worlds they lighted and led would crumble in their orbits into the minutest divisions of matter, filling the whole immensity of space with hostile atoms, each at war with its fellow, repelling its society, and dashing on in its centrifugal madness, to "make confusion worse confounded." All the beings that peopled those decomposed worlds would float promiscuous and dismembered over the black surges of the boundless chaos; and not a throb of life nor a ray of light would beat or shine amid the ruins of the universe. Does any one doubt for a moment that all this, and more than we can conceive of ruin, would be the instantaneous consequence of destroying the great law of gravitation? But what is all this? what to God and his moral universe is all this dire disaster, this wreck of matter and crush of worlds? what this disruption of every vein of life and form of beauty? what is all this to that other and more dreadful catastrophe which war would produce, when it reaches up and essays to paralyze, with its iron hand, the great law of LOVE, the law of *Gravitation* in the moral world, which attracts and centers around the heart of God, all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence? Amid the decomposition of the material universe, every undying spirit would be safe from the general ruin, nor verge a hair from its moral orbit, nor be jostled from its centripetal tendency toward its great Source and Center. But in that other act of immeasurable iniquity, man would consign the moral world to a chaos infinitely more appalling, than that which

would involve the material universe, should he strike from existence the law of gravity. He would sever every ligament of attraction that attached heart to heart, spirit to spirit, angel to angel, and all created beings to God. He would set the universe on fire with malignant passions, on whose red billows contending spirits, once blessed, now damned, would thrust at each other's existence, and curse themselves and God. That act would put a sword into every angel's hand; and every harp in heaven, with horrid discord, would summon the frenzied and battling seraphs to mutual but deathless slaughter. It would blast the foliage of life's fair tree, turn the crystal river into burning pitch, and line its banks with fighting fiends. Hate, malignant and quenchless, would burn in every heart, and no two spirits in the universe would unite, even in a common malevolence.

A POINT OF SPACE.

The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp, than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centauri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is

room for 130 millions of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems, the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love, and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the world that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

AGENTS OR ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

No one who keeps his eye out upon passing events can fail to observe and admire the social tendencies of the times. No philanthropist can contemplate their silent and peaceful influence, without being inspired with the hope of a better day for his race. The social principle has been operating upon human nature on a small scale, up to the present day. It has been at work, for ages, linking hearts into small societies. The boundary of a nation has hitherto been the limit of its attraction. But the world has just entered a new period of its centralizing power. It began with associating two hearts; and then went on associating hamlets, towns, counties, states and provinces, into a nation. It has now become an irresistible force of centripetal attraction, drawing nations together toward the sun, source and center of Universal Brotherhood.

Look at the development of the social principle, as exhibited in the World's Temperance Convention. How inevitable and natural the desire in man to associate himself with his fellow, not only in sinning and suffering, but also in repentance and salvation! Here are two individuals, living in a dark lane in some populous city, perhaps. Their hovels stand side by side. They have reached the nadir of human wretchedness by habits of beastly intemperance. Even the dogs bark, and the beasts bellow at them, in remonstrance against their voluntary brutality. Their families are drinking to the dregs the hemlock of squalid misery. Perhaps they first tasted the intoxicating cup together. They sinned together; they fell together; and together they tread the wine-press of their shame and the world's contempt. A lucid moment of painful remembrance comes

over them, with the unfortunate aim and end of their association. Says one to his companion, "Let us arise from our wallowing and sign the pledge together, never to taste more any intoxicating liquor." The social principle reacts for their salvation. Together they sign the pledge, and constitute the center and source of a society, whose social attraction increases with every new associate. From the gutter the reformed inebriates adjourn to "a little upper room," thence to the vestry, thence to the town hall, where the great fact of a City Temperance Society is announced. In the next town the social principle has operated in the same fashion and to the same issue. By this same law of attraction the two societies associate; and in the course of a year or two, a County Temperance Society is announced, embracing twenty or thirty town societies.

The social principle follows the law of gravity in all the conditions of attraction. It has already associated a score of these little orbs into a kind of solar system, called a County Temperance Society. The principle works on, and the next year that little solar system, with its "greater and lesser lights," is absorbed into one of large disk, and becomes a satellite to another sun and center under the appellation of a State Temperance Society. The principle works on by an intense ratio of progression. State societies are attracted, in all their integrity, into another orbit, and revolve in unbroken harmony around another center—a National Temperance Society. What next? Does the circumferential time of this great solar system bound the attractive force of the social principle? No; far from it. It still operates unseen, but not unfelt. Almost without concert, and with but little previous admonition of the fact, a World's Temperance Convention is announced in London, which place comes somehow or other to be deemed the center of the system of human societies. A World's

Convention! what means that? how came it about? It came about of itself—not exactly by the law which associates dead particles of matter, but by one as strong and invisible, which pervades the great orbit of humanity. It comes from the resistless working of the social principle, which has been busy in France, Germany, Sweden, Russia, and other hyperborean regions. A couple of inebriates speaking French, German, Danish, or Sclavonic, did just what the two half-sobered Americans did. They signed the pledge together, and the social principle worked on among the incongruous nations, to the issue of a World's Convention, which is but the preliminary meeting of a world's society for the promotion of temperance, which shall never be dissolved.

We have glanced at only one of the manifestations of this social principle, and that one was suggested by the occurrence of the World's Temperance Convention in London. But hard upon its conclusion, another World's Convention is announced, another system of associations, organized by the principle we are noticing. Then a World's Anti-Slavery Convention, and a World's Peace Convention have already become a periodical moral legislature in the world's metropolis. These conventions are becoming fixed facts, if not fixed stars of promise in the heavens of the human race.

The social principle is fast resolving them into permanent societies. They will, perhaps, soon drop the name of Conventions, and take that of Anniversaries. In addition to all this centripetal attraction of the social principle in the moral world, commerce, with its thousand shuttles, is weaving the nations together, in the hempen web of coarser interests.

And there is the great steam engine at work, with all the indomitable enthusiasm of its glowing heart, contracting space, reducing oceans to a river's width, bringing the com-

pass of a continent within the travel of a day; compressing sea-divided nations into immediate neighborhoods; transmuting flowers of opposite zones ere their native dews are dried on them; strapping countries together with railway bars—countries which kept each other's borders red with blood for centuries; transplanting the seated hills; opening a passage through the foundations of the old cloud-capt mountains for the traveling multitude, or under the beds of rivers whitened with the canvas of commerce. The whole bent of this iron-sinewed giant seems to be, to collocate the different tribes of mankind within a family circle, and around the central idea of Universal Brotherhood.

Then there is the magnetic telegraph. What imagination can contemplate that mysterious agency of man's invention, without being awed into reverence before Him who made man so wonderfully and so fearfully, in endowing him with a capacity to work out such wonderful and fearful things?

As much as any one have we familiarized our imagination with the prospective possibility of the human mind. As sanguinely as any one have we believed in great things to be achieved away ahead, in the geometrical series of human progression. But the magnetic telegraph arises like an extramundane column, to testify and terminate the farthest reach of finite mind. Our imagination dares not look beyond this monument of human genius for new conquests, or for the linked series of its progression. Nay, we cannot, in our imagination, even reach this, without a feeling of awe, as if treading within the fearful jurisdiction of Omnipotence. Still we cannot believe that it was profane in man to suborn this agency into his service. Was it not left in his way by Him who created it, and man, too, "a little lower than the angels?" It is awful to think of, and we think of it most reverently; but speaking of angels in these inspired terms

of comparison, suggested almost an advantage, on the part of man, in connection with this wonderful medium, for the transmission of thought. In the night-visions of the mind, this apparition has crossed the disk of our imagination. It might be sinful—we fear it was; but we must make a clean bosom of it. We conceived that man had webbed the whole earth with a network of his magnetic wires, so that, in the twinkling of the eye, he could thrill its entire surface, and all that dwelt thereon, with an unwhispered thought of his heart. And we fancied that while he was standing at the grand junction-battery of all these lightning lines, the archangel, who had taken down his trumpet to proclaim through the world that time should be no longer, before he put it to his lips, approached man, and touching his diadem, as to a compeer, thus addressed him—"Human brother, the Great Father of spirits hath made thee but little lower than the angels. In one respect he hath given thee eminence over Gabriel himself; and in that respect the angel of the trumpet bows to thee. I am sent to announce the end of time to all that dwell on the earth. With this trumpet I can blow a blast that shall fill the circumference of eternity with the voice of the summons. But I may not alter the laws which the Planter of the ear, and the Creator of the air, hath prescribed to sound. Days would elapse before my trumpet's voice could make the circuit of the globe. Our Omnipotent Father hath endowed thee with a quicker speech than the 'Kolelohim,' or the slow traveling thunder. Charge thy battery and thy netted wires with my awful message to mankind, that all the eyes of living men may read its summons in the same instant of time. Do this, for God hath made thee a fellow-servant with me to do his will."

Has our imagination ventured too far in this conception? We fear it. Perhaps we mistook the angel that stood by man at the grand-junction battery of these lightning lines.

Yes, we were wrong; it was not Gabriel; it was the angel of the other trumpet, the one John saw flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel of peace! Peace on earth and good-will to men. Yes, it was the angel of the rainbow diadem, descending amid the choral alleluias, to proclaim that God hath made of one blood, and for one brotherhood, all nations of men. That was the angel, and this the message, which shall thrill simultaneously the network of these magnetic wires, in which coppery-eyed mammon is pursing the earth to fill its greasy purse with lucre of the guinea's stamp. We are not dealing in fancy; they are stretching these lightning lines over continents already. They are trailing them over the coral beds of seas; down, down among the black skeletons of Phœnician argosies, shipwrecked on a Columbus voyage to Britain, and of all others, that for three thousand years have gone down unrecorded in the English Channel and the Straits of Dover. Paris and London will soon be brought within the same whispering gallery, and the "natural enmity" between the two nations be lost forever, in the unbroken current of friendly conference, in the local identity, which these message wires shall work out for them. On, on, they are stretching the lightning train of thought; onward to the extremest Inde, over seas and deserts that have swallowed up navies and armies; knitting the ends of the earth together, and its inhabitants, too, in the network of consentaneous sympathies; bringing the distant and half-explored continents of humanity, with all their tribes, and tongues, and colors, and conditions, within the converse of an hour. Think of that a moment. Compressing the solid globe, of twenty-four thousand miles in circumference, into a social circle of a dozen furlongs' girth. If Christianity keeps pace with commerce, will there not be a glorious brotherhood, a nice family circle of mankind, by the time these

literary lightnings shall be mounted, and running to and fro over the whole earth? But who are doing all this? Why, who else but that wonderful Anglo-Saxon race, that is diffusing itself and its genius over the world? That wonderful race, which thrives better abroad than at home; conforms to any climate or condition; whose language is fast absorbing or displacing all the spiritless tongues and dialects of the heathen world; in which millions of young pagans in the far-off ocean isles, "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and thence to the Yellow Sea, North and South American Indians, Polynesians, Australians, Hottentots, Caffres, Egyptians, Hindoos, Seikhs and Japanese, are now learning their first lessons in civilization and Christianity. If British and American Christians do their duty, the boy is at school who will live to see half the human family speaking the English language, and half the habitable surface of the globe covered with the Anglo-Saxon race, and blessed with its civilization. The railway engines that shall thunder through the heart of Asia, Africa and the American continent, will speak and teach the English language, and so will the mounted lightnings on all the highways and wire bridges of thought that shall be erected for the converse of the world's extremes.

In view of these and other social elements and agents, which we have not room to notice, may we not properly discuss the question, whether the time has not come for a society or social organization which shall embrace all the willing minds in the world; which shall be and do to all the great interests of humanity, what the Anti-Corn-Law League was and did to the cause of cheap bread, and to the emancipation of commerce. In short, whether all these social tendencies and their results, as manifested in almost annual World's Conventions, do not furnish the means and

indicate the necessity for a League of Universal Brotnerhood, whose object shall be to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and manifestations of war, throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognize and respect the image of God, and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, color, or condition of humanity

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUNKARD.

DRUNKARDS never made moderate drinkers. Their example is not contagious; when the temperate drinker has tampered with the syren, until he is hard on to the drunkard's end, his influence is gone, his example can no longer beguile an unsuspecting young man into the toils of the charmer. The spell is broken; his magic art is dissipated; he cannot make another drunkard; the youth who has entered the road to ruin under his influence refuses to follow his leading-strings any longer.

But, alas! he takes hold of the skirts of another moderate drinker, who is not so near the fatal verge, and is thus conducted by different stages and different leaders, until he is pushed over the precipice, and plunges into the abyss.

The drunkard's fate is the sentence, the arrest, conviction and punishment of the moderate drinker. It is a dreadful reality, which stings him like a viper among the roses which the sorcerer has strewn in his path. The young

man feels the glass trembling at his lips in the presence of the drunkard, and like the sons of Noah, he would fain borrow the moderate drinker's cloak, to throw over the habitual inebriate, before he can sip the perilous stuff which eats up the heart. Place a drunken man at every bar in this city, and he would chase a thousand from the shambles which made him a brute. Let every bottle of gin, brandy and champagne reflect the image and fate of a drunkard, and every one but the moderate drinker would recoil from them as if they were bottled plagues.

The influence of the drunkard, then, is all on the side of total abstinence; it is one of the great instruments which we wield in this glorious warfare. What a fact! Is it, then, true that the inebriate is pleading our cause with all the eloquence of his misery? Are the moanings which he sends up from the gutter, arguments which should plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against a single dalliance with the cup? Ah! is it indeed true, that while the poor creature is hiccoughing and retching in the mire, he is trying to get off a temperance sermon; is trying to "speak to that young man," who is sitting for the first time at the fashionable table when the cloth is removed? When the biting scoffs of men and dogs have chased him into his frosty retreat, and he stands at bay upon the straw on which a broken-hearted creature, which he once called his wife, is trying to die—what does he preach there? Is it temperate, moderate drinking, or total abstinence, that he advocates, when his little, shoeless, shivering children lift them out of the cold ashes, and, with faces, stereotyped with haggard misery, fix on him their large hungry, glassy eyes for bread?

BUYING A BROTHER FROM BONDAGE.

THE ransom of Frederic Douglass from slavery has been recently purchased at a great price, by the contributions of philanthropic persons in England, and the last bond of his bondage has been severed, and he is *free*. What a fact to contemplate! While he was leading captive earnest multitudes by his powerful eloquence; whilst the great congregation felt enchanted by his wonderful might of mind, and bowed to its resistless sway; whilst the first intellects in England were doing reverence to his, with perhaps unconscious and instinctive homage; whilst thousands in the common walks of freedom felt him to be a master, and themselves almost slaves to his over-mastering genius; all this while he was legally a *slave!* a *slave* on every foot of land in the American Union! a *slave* as he left the crowded hall, between ranks of English freemen, who bowed as he passed! a slave in the presence of the great and good who arose and stood up in reverence as he entered. And there are nearly three millions more of brothers and sisters, as nearly related to God by blood, and to man by creation, as the straightest-haired of human kind, now lying in slavery—in American slavery,—a bondage far beyond that of Hebrew vassalage in Egypt, for qualities of suffering and degradation. Well has Douglass said, that American slavery was too strong for the moral power of one nation to abolish; it will require that of the English race in both hemispheres.

IS HE MY BROTHER?

WHAT! shall I regard that poor black slave, that is toiling in the sugar-mill or cane-field, a brother? and that miserable drunkard, who is lying in the gutter, a brother? and that vile criminal, who is lying in prison for murder, a brother? and that wild lunatic, frothing at his mouth for madness, a brother? In what sense a brother? In just that sense and degree, friend, that God is father, you must be a brother to the most wretched and degraded being on earth, and he a brother to you.

TO THE STEAMER HIBERNIA,

Which sailed from Boston on the 16th of June, bearing the news of the settlement of the Oregon Question.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

How beautiful on the mountains, and on the mountain billows, are the feet, and the canvas wings, that carry good tidings of great joy to all nations! On, good *Hibernia!* the word of peace thou bearest to the toiling myriads of the British isle is worth the freight of a thousand argosies from Inde. On! the blue sea has caught the secret of thy message, and these are its Sabbath waves, that strew their white banners in thy glittering path. These June breezes, too, have come to "choir" like spirit-doves, to thy snowy wings; and the sunbeams are tasseling every rope with olive branches of diamond light. On! thou Columbus of Universal Brotherhood. Thou art the officiating minister at the marriage of two worlds, good *Hibernia*. Thou bearest

the wedding ring, and all the blue leagues of ocean between the poles shall celebrate the nuptials, and rejoice in the wedlock of the two great continents of humanity. On! the golden fleece is thine, and of its locks commerce shall interweave the nations in a network beyond the severance of sharpened steel. On! thou hast found the shortest passage to the extremest Inde, to the earthly Canaan of the race, flowing with milk and honey.

PULLING DOWN THE OLD CHURCH.

The ropes were all adjusted, and there was an affecting silence through the motley group of old and young, that had come together to witness the scene. Not a word was uttered while the carpenter, with a reluctant hand, was passing his saw through the heart of the last of the gigantic posts of the old house of God. There was a kind of awe-inspiring influence creeping over every heart, as the venerable sanctuary stood tottering and reeling in the breeze. True, a more beautiful house had been erected in the center of the village, and the old superannuated edifice was doomed by common consent to be demolished.

The young men of the hamlet had engaged with alacrity in the service, and all was now ready for the closing scene. The patriarchs of the village had come up to take the last look at that ancient house of prayer, which had been to them for more than half a century, the nearest gate to heaven. I was then but a boy, but well can I remember how many of those old fathers turned away their faces, and wept on their staves, as they witnessed the progress of the sad preparations. Their bosoms were full of the most touching associations that can affect the human heart. There they stood, immovable as statues while the old,

dismantled church was trembling, and reeling, and nodding toward them, as if entreating their interposition, or reproving the sacrilegious hands that were sapping its foundations. It had survived all the first settlers of the village, and most of their children, who, through all the years of their trials and tribulations, had assembled there for Divine communion and consolation. Thither had they resorted in their manhood and in frosty age, for spiritual direction, and thence gone down to their long homes, in a little inclosure a few rods distant. The venerable pastor, after having seen most of his flock gathered to their respective dust, had also been laid at the head of the silent congregation. The few that remained of his time now lingered around like grieved specters, beneath the old oaks that were bowing their aged heads, as if in sympathy with their doomed cotemporary. There they stood, mournful and silent. There were long reaching souvenirs kindling up in their aged breasts, until their hearts burned and bled within them. They heard not the groaning and creaking timbers; but their spirits seemed listening to the long lost tones that once filled the venerable sanctuary.

"All's ready!" shouted the carpenter, stepping hastily backward a few yards. "All's ready!" passed along the ropes in a doubtful undertone. The old church paused for a moment from its oscillation before the wind, as if feeling a new force. It groaned, tottered, quivered, and then a blinding cloud of dust arose, followed by a crash that made the ground tremble beneath our feet, and it was all over.

As soon as it had cleared away, I looked for those venerable fathers who had so enlisted my sympathy. They were still leaning upon their staves, contemplating the heap of ruins, without uttering a word. I looked again, and they were gone. I never saw them more.

THE COMET.

SISTER, what think you? For myself I thought it was the swaling candle of some tall angel, sent out upon his millennial errand of inspection through a thousand worlds, to see if gravitation had released a single atom from the smallest satellite in space; if the revolving worlds still kept time, and no jarring note had broken the harmony of their primeval music; to look at the axles of the planets and the poles of systems, if, by chance, they had become friction-worn from measuring off the cycles of eternity: to pass the countersign of God among the heavenly hosts outfiling from his throne, and carry mutual and fraternal greetings from system to system, and to leave with each a token of an Eternal Father's love.

Nay, Emilia, gaze not upward in such pensive mood, with eyes roving longingly among the stars, as if the slender fillets of light they shred out upon the cold sky, were the golden locks of the star-visitor, melting away in the still, pearly depths of the blue firmament. Grieve not, that one pair of human eyes may see that celestial messenger but once. Its visits, sure, are few and far between, like those of other things of light; but believe me, sister, it comes and looks upon the green or snow-clad earth as often, and as brightly too, as when it was wont to come with the morning stars to look down on Eden. And it will come again, when all the eyes that can look at heaven now, have gone out like fainting stars, and left the rosy firmament cold and dead, which now glows beneath their merry light. Yes, it will come again; though its message be to other years and moons and stars shining upon generations yet unborn; and, as at the unrecorded periods of by-gone time, they too will gaze admiring at this same star messenger, and sorrow per-

haps like thee, when his flowing locks disappear in the calm, cold ocean of the sky.

Strain thy eyes no more to follow its sapphire tresses, receding into those serene, mysterious depths, which human eye may not fathom. Come, look at these common stars, that, like angels' eyes, are gazing at thee. See, their twinkling light is filling the firmament with social rays that invite the spirit to their communion. 'Tis a sweet fellowship, sister, to commune with the stars. The first human pair that looked upon these lesser lights communed with them, as with holy eyes looking from above, to see that no hurtful breath should come across the Eden of their hearts, to taint their innocence.

THE PENNY POST OF ENGLAND.

The citizen of a foreign country, sojourning in England, cannot fail to be struck with its extraordinary capacity of society. Let him travel the world over, and he will not find twenty millions of individuals possessing such faculties and facilities of social intercourse as are enjoyed by the inhabitants of Great Britain. Time and space, which divide and half estrange the communities of other countries, are hardly known here, in the sense of separation. All the homes of England are not only in conversational distance of each other, but of London,—that great city-center, which, by its commercial attractions, inhales, as it were, into its bosom all the intelligence that floats in isolated facts over the surface of the world. And the little time lost in overcoming the spaces between these homes, so far as the most important part of their intercourse is concerned, is lost in the night, and with it, the sense of its duration. The machinery by which this is achieved is truly marvelous, in

all its operations; especially to an American, or to the citizen of a country covering a vast extent of territory. The working of this machinery, in one direction, is somewhat after this fashion:

At about 9 o'clock in the evening, several Iron Horses may be seen, harnessed for their race, at each of the five railway stations in London. There they stand, foaming, neighing, and champing their bridle-bits, with their heads turned in different directions, impatient for the signal to be gone. But who can fathom the mystery of the mail-bags which they are to bear, as upon the wings of the wind, and to distill on their way to tens of thousands of home-circles scattered over the kingdom? Never could dew-drops or rain-drops quote a more vicissitous experience, than the letters and other messages of business or friendship, collected in these same mail-bags. Never were clouds filled with water-drops drawn from such distant and diversified sources. For, among the myriads of these epistolatory messages drawn from the metropolis and the provinces, may be found thousands from China, the Indies, the Pacific and Atlantic islands, the Americas, and all the continents of the Old World.

The five railway stations are the five gates of the metropolis, from which this mass of sealed intelligence is to be distilled consentaneously with the dew of heaven, over the whole of England, before the rising of the sun. The fiery chargers are neighing upon their iron track. The penny postmen have mounted; the signal is given. Each huge courser bates the explosions of his fiery breath, as if to listen to his driver's voice, and the next moment treads out slowly into the night. Snorting a fierce defiance at time and space, he dashes into the deepening thunder of the race. Now the tunneled hills tremble and groan sepulchraly, as he plows his track of fire through their old

foundations, and fills the arched breach with smoke. Now the still and rural villages, with churches old and quaint, and cottages thatched with straw, revolve with their low glimmering lights, and all the tall trees go around with them in stately procession, as the Iron Horse plunges onward, with his fiery eye-balls glaring upon the track before him.

At midnight, and thence until morning, there is silence in the habitations of human life, and slumber is on the eyelids of the million. Love and its deep-seated and various affections, which dream but seldom slumber, are dreaming now perhaps of distant ones in the great metropolis, or on the other side of the kingdom, or, perchance, in India, New Zealand, or in the scattered colonies of the distant seas. In that straw-roofed cottage, sleeping like a weary laborer behind the hedge, are human thoughts of great affection, that are stealing out of the hearts of toil-worn sleepers, and feeling their way across the Atlantic to the new homes of children they will see no more on earth. And in the ivy-curtained chambers of yonder house, with its windows peeping at the moon through the still trees, boyhood is dreaming of boyhood in the playgrounds of distant schools, and girlhood is weaving flower-bracelets again with girlhood, or dancing along the silver brooks in meadows and pastures far beyond the bluest hills. In the silence and unremembered emotions of the mind slumber the age and infancy and all the conditions of a nation. But those chariots of fire are running like lightning through all these dark and quiet hours, exchanging with each other a part of their respective charges, and dispensing to thousands of sleeping towns, villages and hamlets a portion which shall gladden their family circles in the morning. And the morning comes, and with it comes to thousands and hundreds of thousands the wonderful reality, wrought from the mystery of all this fiery locomotion of the night. To thousands of

home-circles, in town, village, hamlet, and by hedgeside, the dispensation of the Penny Post comes, almost as gratuitously and as silently as that of the morning dew upon the flowers that blush and breathe in their windows. The American sojourner, who may be the guest of one of these English homes, if he has a heart open to the susceptibilities of our social nature, must comprehend the joy which the penny post diffuses around the table at breakfast. For, associating its beneficence with enjoyments most necessary to nature, it serves up its messages of love and friendship as condiments to the morning meal. The administration of the tea-urn, under the presidency of the lady of the house, commences at the same time as that of the penny post at the other end of the table. For the servant girl has brought in, on the same tray with the dry toast, a packet of letters and papers, which she deals out, simultaneously with the brown slices of bread, to the different members of the circle. The relish of this double repast is the refinement of that social enjoyment which England has procured for her millions, in giving them the blessings of cheap postage. "Sunbeam of summer, what is like thee?" sung a sweet spirit, whose poetry was the breath of flowers. Had she lived to witness the light of gladness, which Rowland Hill's great boon diffused every morning through thousands of English homes, she might have answered: "One thing is like thee,—it is the PENNY POST, carrying into yearning hearts rays of affection from hearts beating beyond the mountains and the seas; touching the faces of the aged, of the matron, maiden and child with a light which the sunbeam of summer cannot give."

Look at that family at this moment of social enjoyment. "You will please excuse us, sir, for glancing at our letters," observes the host. "That I will, my dear sir, and wish you all much joy of it." The tea will bear to stand a mo-

ment longer; and now you may steal a glance kindly at the faces of the circle surrounding the table, as they open and read the messages addressed to them. The letters of mine host are evidently more of a business cast than the others; some bringing across his countenance an involuntary expression of thoughtfulness, others stirring up the momentary semblance of a smile. But there is the communion of other thoughts going on at the other end of the table. "Sunbeam of summer, what is like thee?" if it is not the light that glistens in that mother's eye, as she drinks in the words of affection, contained in that letter from a young married daughter, in the metropolis, three hundred miles distant, who penned them last evening just before tea. And by the side of her mother sits the younger sister of the distant one; and a "sunbeam of summer" is deepening the rose in her cheeks, as she reads with parted lips the message which the penny post has brought to her from a boarding-school companion, who has inclosed a little spring flower in her letter, still breathing its sweetness on the loving thoughts she has put into words. And Fred, frolicsome, laughter-loving Fred, although scarcely seven, has a letter, which he reads with eyes growing bigger every moment—a letter from his cousin Willy, and no secret would he make of it, were the Duke of Wellington by his father's side. "Willy has got another rabbit, with the funniest ears that a rabbit ever had; and Towzer broke his chain and chased the ducks into the pond; and papa has bought a new saddle for the pony, with stirrups that look like silver; and there will be beautiful skating if the water will be good enough to freeze; and he has put three pheasant's eggs under the speckled hen; and"—"Why Freddy!" whispers his sister, bending toward him, and glancing apologetically toward you. "Frederic, my dear," softly adds the mother, looking too lovingly at the boy to mean reproof—"You will

please excuse our Frederic, sir;—he and his cousin Willy are schoolmates, and always together, except in vacation.' And the servant girl has not been forgotten, in this dispensation of the penny post; there are those at a distance, perhaps in New Zealand or Newfoundland, who remember her with fraternal or sisterly affection; and she carries a letter in her bosom which she read in the kitchen whilst watching the toast, and which she will read again before sunset.

Such is the daily experience of an English family. Such is the social enjoyment which seasons the morning meal of thousands and tens of thousands, as one of the blessings of the penny post. To procure for them this luxury, these thundering steeds of iron have run to and fro all the night long. What an issue of all this locomotion! One would be inclined to believe that there was a post-office in every Englishman's kitchen, of which the servant maid was the mistress; for almost every morning she is sure to serve up, on her toast-tray, letters from different parts of the kingdom. For scarcely a portion of the machinery of this beautiful administration is visible to the family it gladdens. Perhaps they heard, or dreamed they heard, at midnight, the distant sound of the Iron Horse, as he shook the earth with his tread. Perhaps they heard the postman's knock at the door; but even him they seldom see. We know of no institution of human legislation so like God's gift to man, as the English Penny Post. Like the quality of mercy in his grace and salvation, it is not strained, nor limited, to any class or condition of the community. The quiet joy which it diffuses every morning through thousands of family circles, is like a dew of gladness, falling alike upon the rich and poor, the palace and the cottage. If there be a blessing which a patriot, philanthropist, or Christian could wish for his country, after the light of God's countenance and gospel, and the dispensations of the seasons, it might well be the PENNY POST

WARDROBE-WEBS AND TABLE-TIES OF BROTHERHOOD.

We wonder if our young friends have ever taken any lessons in the physiology or anatomy of the great earth on which we live, and seen what a surprising provision has been created to make one country dependent upon another for its luxuries, comforts, and even necessaries. If they have not done this, we hope they will begin to make it a regular study. It is the most interesting department of science that we ever tried to look into; and we are sure they will find it so. Suppose, then, we take a lesson together in this study, which has not yet been introduced into common schools. We will begin with the geography of the dinner table, and the wardrobe. These shall be our maps and illustrations. You have seen maps for blind people, with *raised* letters, figures, &c.? Well, the dinner table, with all its different dishes, fruits, condiments, &c., shall be our chart, with *raised* letters and figures which we can feel, too. With this chart before us, we may get at a clearer meaning, perhaps, of that sublime declaration of St. Paul, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth." We shall see how all the face of the earth has been made for the dwelling-place of one great family, united by the bonds of peace and love.

Let us suppose that the island of Great Britain had been the only portion of dry land that emerged from the waters that covered the earth at the time of the Deluge, and that it was peopled now with its present population. All that is absolutely necessary to sustain life they might draw from the island. There would be plenty of pure, wholesome water to drink. If all the land were cultivated with care;

if every acre were made to produce food for man or beast, there would be plenty of bread and meat for the people; there would be plenty of flax and wool grown, to make comfortable and even elegant garments for them all, in winter and summer, spring and autumn. They would find plenty of iron, copper, tin, and lead, stowed away in the cellar of the island, and coal enough lying by to melt it with, and to make bright fires, and light by night in all their houses. They could *live;* all their absolute wants might be supplied, if there were not another piece of dry land on the globe. To be sure, they would not be able to have tea, coffee, rice, tropical fruits, and a thousand little delicacies for their tables, or cotton, or silk, or costly furs for their wardrobes, or precious stones and woods, or pearl, ivory, or the treasures of the deep foreign seas, or gold, or the choice metals dug from the bowels of distant lands, or medicinal herbs and minerals, or things whereof to combine colors for the canvass or for the dyeing of raiment. But what of that? They could live without these articles, and, perhaps, be quite comfortable, if so disposed. Now, what would be true in the case of Great Britain, in the condition we have supposed, is now true with regard to the actual condition of every country upon earth. The climate and soil, or surrounding sea, of every country, will just supply the absolute wants of its people; so that, if all the people in the world would be satisfied with the mere *necessaries* of life, or with merely living, in the sense in which the tribes in the centre of Africa or Asia, or in some undiscovered island of the Pacific Ocean, live, then they might live independently of each other — without any trade or intercourse — without feeling that one was necessary to the other in any way; in a word, as if God had not made them of one blood for to dwell upon all the face of the earth, as blood relations, in

peace and amity. This is the barbarous state of peoples — the state of mutual alienation, hatred, and war. But as soon as a people feel the want of something more than the mere necessaries of life, they must go abroad for it — they must go and talk in a friendly way, and trade with another people, living, perhaps, on the other side of the globe. And it is a very beautiful fact in this system of wants, that the countries most widely divided by distance, are most strongly bound to each other by their need of each other's productions. Let us see if we cannot illustrate this by the figure we commenced with.

We supposed the island of Great Britain the only tract of habitable land on the globe, and possessing its present climate, soil, and population. Now, then, suppose a line drawn from London to Bristol, and the island cut in two. The people on one side of the line can raise just what their neighbors can produce on the other. There is no table-tie to connect them; the tie of neighborhood, of intimate social intercourse, is the strongest that exists between them now. But, we will suppose, the southern half of the island begins to float southward, leaving the other fast anchored in its present position. It has receded two degrees, and the sun shines more blandly upon it, and the morning dews are warmer on its green things, and fruits will ripen well upon it which would not come to a delicious maturity on the other half of the island; in a word, better peaches, pears, and apricots can be grown in South Britain than in North Britain. This difference creates a delicate table-tie between them — it is a mere string — but it is something which they feel binding them together. But keep a sharp watch of that string, as the southern section of Britain recedes from the other, and you will see it grow and grow into a mighty cable, which all the swords in the world cannot cut in two. South Britain recedes slowly towards the

equator. Another year has rolled around, and it has anchored for a season under still warmer skies, and the warm night winds of the south breathe balmily on its vineyards, its orange groves, and fields. It can now send back to its twin-sister island, fruits which its people never saw before — delicious grapes, figs, oranges, &c. The taste and sight of these products of another clime delight every sense — then every sense yearns for them; the children ask longingly for them; some of the younger ones, perhaps, cry for them. And now these beautiful, novel fruits, which the North Britons never dreamed of, never asked or wished for before, become a *want*, a *necessary*, to satisfy the appetite they have created. Then the grape, the orange, the fig, and each of the other fruits sent by the South Britons to their brethren, constitute each a new table-tie, to be twisted in with that solitary string, which we had before, into a rope, which holds the two islands more firmly together, the further they recede from each other. See how that rope grows in size and strength — how a new strand is added, as South Britain approaches the equator. It anchors again for a year in a still warmer clime, and its fields are covered with the luxuriant sugar-cane, cotton and coffee plants, and rice. It now sends back to its northern sister a stock of these wonderful productions, over and above its oranges, lemons, pine-apples, and other delicious fruits. The sugar is tasted, and declared the very thing for the table, and the children wonder how they could have been comfortable without it. Gradually it finds its way to every table, however frugal, and all declare that it is not only a luxury, but a necessary. The coffee is tried — a little suspiciously at first — but it is soon found to be an excellent substitute for cold water at breakfast. Hundreds of ingenious people are set at work making cups to drink it from; and it finds its way from the tables of the rich to

the tables of the poor, who drink it from tin, iron, or pewter basins, or very rude vessels of earthenware; and then the people all begin to feel that they cannot get on well without coffee, and it becomes a *necessary* also. The rice is fair to look upon, and is served up delicately to invalids and to people of delicate appetites, and gradually to people of common appetites, and is found an excellent article for food; and where a man bought it at the apothecary's by the ounce, for a child recovering from the measles, he now buys a pailful of it of the grocer at a time, for puddings of a family size; and mothers and matrons decide unanimously that they cannot get along well without rice; and so it becomes a *necessary*. Here, then, we have three more table-ties, each larger and stronger than the whole rope which connected the two islands before. But we have another, larger still, to twist from the *cotton*. The arrival of this new product is hailed with wonder. Queer ideas are circulated about it, and many children are of the notion that it is a kind of wool, that grows on wooden sheep. Some of it is spun into thread, and sold for needlework in little balls; some is woven with common sheep's wool into cloth; and even garments are made of it entire, and found excellent. The next year, more of it comes from South Britain, and machines are made for spinning and weaving it, until hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children are employed in working it up for general use. And soon cotton is declared an absolute *necessary* to the North Britons. Cotton becomes the first wardrobe-web between the two islands — a tie larger and stronger than either of the table-ties we have described. Every one of these ties grows larger and larger every year. Let us twist them into one great cable, and then compare it with the string which connected the sister islands when divided only by the distance of two degrees. We shall see how

clear it is, that "God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth," in such a way, that countries the farthest apart should be the most strongly tied together by their need of each other's productions.

We have only been watching the growth of that string which South Britain cast to its sister island as it receded southward. But North Britain also cast her receding sister a string of equal size, which grew into another cable, to hold the two together with giant strength, when separated by a distance of four thousand miles. The Southern island had table wants and wardrobe wants which her sister could only supply, and the two cables grew, strand by strand, to equal strength and size. Suppose you contrive a diagram of these table bonds of brotherhood. Get some book containing the amount of articles brought into Great Britain from countries within 1000 miles south of London during the year 1849, then of articles from countries within 4000 miles of it in the same direction. Let every million of pounds sterling worth of these articles be represented by a cord of one quarter of an inch in diameter. Divide the island as we have supposed, and when the two halves are 1000 miles apart, give the size of the rope that will connect them at that distance, allowing a quarter of an inch to every million of pounds worth of the produce exchanged between them. Do the same when they are 4000 miles apart; or when the one supplies the other with cotton, coffee, rice, sugar, tea, spices, and all the fruits and other productions of tropical climes, and receives in return all that Great Britain now sells to the countries which produce these articles. This you can easily do, and the difference between the ropes or cables, at the two distances, will show that the table bonds of brotherhood between two countries increase in number, size, and strength, with the distance which divides them.

Now war goes prowling about, with its sharp sword, to cut these ties, and to leave nations to float away from each other into the black abyss of discord and ruin.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

We hear much about a *first Law of Nature*, to which a Christian may yield obedience in certain "extreme cases." In the ordinary actions of life, and in most of the trying conditions through which he may be called to pass, it is unanimously admitted that he should be led by the spirit of Christ, or obey the first law of that nature which is created in him by the regenerating influence of that spirit; and which law is love. And men have been found in every age ready to obey this first law of the divine nature, of the new man in Christ Jesus, in the extremest cases of trial, danger, and assault to which human beings could be exposed. The first martyr, Stephen, like his Divine Master, acted out the great vital instinct of this nature, when he forgave and prayed for his murderers. His love-breathing prayer for them was not a forced expression of good will. It cost him no agonizing struggle with the old man within him. The old man was dumb and dead, with all its laws, its instincts, its lusts, and passions. The new man, the new nature, was uppermost, was all, in him at that moment, and its great instinct and law — *love* — beamed forth in one sublime expression and utterance, which made his face like unto an angel's, and brought to his lips the prayer of his crucified Master: "*Father, forgive them!*"

The nature, then, whose first law is referred to by those who insist upon the right of killing a fellow-man in self-defence, is the lowest condition of the old man; or human nature, not only in an unregenerated state, but reduced to

an equality with the nature of brute beasts. And, indeed, this "first law of nature" is often regarded paramount to the first law of grace, because it is equally the first law of the bestial nature. We often hear professedly Christian people refer to the operation of this law among beasts of prey, for an evidence of its divine sanction and origin. Persons often point to the talons, claws, and teeth of carnivorous birds and beasts, as the weapons furnished them for self-defence, and for maintaining the first law of their nature. This law, then, is not claimed to be any thing more than an *instinct*, either in man, beast, bird, or creeping thing. It must then be as virtuous, as rational, in the beast as in man. The nature, of which it is said to be the first law, must be morally the same in man and beast. Then there is not an attribute of religion or reason in either. They not only belong to the old man with its deeds, but to the brute beast with its deeds, impulses, and lusts. This "first law" is as much opposed to the first law of grace, or of Christ's nature, as that divine nature is opposed to the nature of brute beasts. The spirit of Christ can no more be said to inspire or sanction this first law, than it can be said to sanction the lowest instinct of the beast of prey. The instinct, then, that impels a man into a deadly or physical-force struggle with an armed assailant, who springs upon him at an unexpected moment, is a mere bestial instinct; it is not an inspiration or suggestion of religion or reason. Nay, more; if self-preservation be his first duty, as some maintain, then he violates this duty by yielding to that instinct which has been denominated the first law of nature. Let us look at the fact in this light for a moment. And we will consider the exigencies of one of the "extreme cases" which are so often brought forward as "posers" to the peace principle.

The good man of yonder house is aroused from the deep

slumbers of the night by the glare of a light, or the noise of a footstep in his room. The first object that meets his view, is a ruffian bending over his bed, with a dagger pointed at his breast, or a loaded pistol aimed at his head; and before he can think twice, the low, hoarse summons comes, "*Your money, or your life!*" The animal instinct, or "the first law of nature," to which we have referred, would impel him instantaneously into a deadly struggle with the hardened ruffian, for self-preservation. But let reason have the play of six consecutive thoughts, and it would tell him that such a struggle would be a reckless violation of the rational law and duty of self-preservation. Reason itself would do this, even were religion silent at such a crisis. It would set before him the conditions and liabilities of the struggle, somewhat after this fashion: "*My money or my life!*" Then he does not want my *life*. His uplifted dagger has not been sharpened for revenge; if it had been, he would not ask for *money*. No; he owes me no deadly grudge for any injury I have done to his person, property, or reputation. He does not want my life; he says he does not, nor the life of my wife or children. He merely wants my money. Then my life and theirs — my dearest earthly treasure — are safe if I do not peril them by a struggle to retain my gold. If self-preservation, then, be the first law of reason as well as nature, it should be my duty to risk my gold for it sooner than my life. But shall I merely retain my life, and that of my wife and children, if I lie passive in the robber's hands? "My *money* or my *life*?" Then he will not run off with my house; he will not even take the bed from under me, nor the heavy articles of furniture. He has not come with a two horse wagon, or a railway car, to fill with the plunder of my premises. He will leave me all the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life — my house,

lands, barns, grain, sheep, and oxen, and other materials of wealth and comfort. "My *money* or my *life*? That means, what money I have on hand; not what I have in the bank, or in the stocks. He wants merely to empty all the loose change I may have in my pockets or drawers into his, and then be off with a load which will allow him to leap hedges and walls in his flight. Then give him the money and let him go, says reason; for a struggle may cost you both that and your life. For, consider the chances against you, if you engage in the desperate conflict. If you were to meet the ruffian by appointment, in full daylight, and fully armed, and for self-preservation, submit your life to the hazard of a regular duel,—even in that case you would incur a fearful peril. But what would this be to the one which you would encounter now, should you attempt to take his life, or to disarm him by force, whilst he stands bending over you with his dagger gleaming within an inch of your breast, or his loaded pistol pressing against your head, watching the first motion of your hand or eye that indicates resistance! See you not that there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that he would kill you, should you adventure upon the struggle against such fearful odds? The duty of self-preservation demands that you should not expose your life, and that of your family, to almost certain destruction, merely for the sake of retaining your money, which must be equally endangered by the insane conflict.

Such would be the arguments of mere reason, should its dictates be allowed to overrule the instantaneous impulses of instinct in this extreme case. But let us ask the advice of religion, and see what the sublime instincts of the divine nature, or the spirit of Christ, in the good man's heart, would suggest for his consideration at such a moment. The religion of Jesus would begin where reason left off; and its great arguments of love would tower heavenward

to their divine Author and Finisher. "*My money or my life!*" Who makes this demand? Ah! a poor, wretched sinner, sliding and stumbling towards the slippery precipice of perdition, with the impetus of this new sin in his heart. Father, forgive him! he knows not what he does! Father, save him! pluck him from the brink of ruin! he knows not whither he goes! "My money or my *life!*" Why, poor man, thou dead in trespasses and sins, my *life* is hidden in Christ, and whilst he lives, I live in him. My *life!* neither principalities nor powers, nor things present or to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, can take away my life — it is immortal. My *money*, or my life! Poor brother man! Thinkest thou I would tempt thee to take upon thy soul the crime of blood, to add to the great crimson sins that are dragging it down to ruin; or that I would seek to send it, reeking with all its flagrant iniquities, to the bar of God, to be banished thence to utter darkness and despair! "*My money!*" Poor, unfortunate man! I would not shorten thy probation by an hour, or abridge one hope of mercy to thy soul, to gain the wealth of a world. *My money!* Take it! take it as a gift of pity; and may God forgive, as I do, the crime that blossomed in thy heart to this thought and deed.

Such would be the language of religion and reason in the "extreme case" we have described. We leave it to every candid mind to decide, whether the precepts of that language are not paramount to the instantaneous impulses of that animal instinct which has been dignified with the appellation of the *first law of nature.*

GOD'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

Among the books that will be opened when God shall reckon with the universe, one will be produced filled with costlier records than the common transactions of time. In that precious volume—that "book of remembrance written before him for those that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name"—how many little acts of the humblest saint, which the world never knew or noticed, will appear in golden capitals! How many forgotten words and looks of kindness, which dropped a healing anodyne into some broken heart, will there be shown the child of God, who fain will ask, *When did I this?* How brightly in those leaves of pearl will glow that pellucid jewel which fell from the eye of him who gave all he had to give—a tear for another's woe! And the poor widow's mite—what a bright record shall be made of that, and of the midnight prayer she made for those pinched with sterner wants than hers? What a page in that heavenly Album will be given to him who gave a cup of cold water to a disciple of the Lamb, with a heart big enough to have given the world! There will be shown the *tableaux vivants* of prison scenes, and sick and dying bed scenes, where eyes with a heaven full of love in them, and hearts big with the immortal sympathy of God, ministered to the sick stranger and him that was ready to perish. In that Souvenir of Eternity, will be preserved charities of celestial water that never found a record or remembrance on earth.

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